POEMS
ON
Several Occasions.
WITH A
PASTORAL.

To which is Added, A
DISCOURSE
OF
LIFE.

By JOHN TUTCHIN.

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THE PREFACE.

GOOD Poetry *needs no Apology, and Bad deſerves no Commendation.* I *would not have the* Reader *think, I make Mine come under the latter Denomination, meerly out of Formality, becauſe I would be ſo complaiſant, as to let Others commend it for me: But, I'll aſſure you, I do it only to let the World know, I am not ſo unnatural a Parent, as to venture my Iſſue in the World, without a Word in its behalf. Of all Writers,* Poets *are moſt Happy; for while Others are puzling their Brains, to find a Reaſon for their Scribling; the Queſtion was never put to a* Poet, *Why he Wrote? There are ſome* Je ne ſcay quoy's *in the World, we can give no Reaſon*

Reaſon for: 'Tis as Natural for a Poet *to write Verſe, as 'tis for a* Tory *to talk Nonſenſe, or for an* Old Sinner *to Die impenitent. The greateſt Reaſon that obliged me to Print theſe Trifles, was this: I had been ſo Unfortunate, as to let them go out of my Hands; and had no other way to procure them, but by promiſing to Print them. If they advantage the* Bookſeller, *I have my Deſire. I am ſenſible enough of my own Failings; and I could heartily beg a Pardon for each Fault; but in ſo doing, I ſhould diſcover my own Errors; which, perhaps, every one will not find. If I am ſomewhat Unfaſhionable in my Writing, I cannot help it: I never intended to humour a Pedantick Age; nor to turn Bombaſt, to pleaſe Fops and Fools. I never thought our Language ſo poor, that it needed to be ſet off with Words coin'd in the* French *or* Italian *Mould; nor did I ever think of Flying, but I thought on* Icarus; *and how ſoon your ſoaring Wits dwindles to Nonſenſe. I would make This of Mr.* Waller *my Maxim:*

Tho'

Tho' *Poets* may of Inſpiration boaſt,
Their Rage, ill govern'd, in the Clouds is loſt:
But who proportion'd Wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his Judgment, and his Fancy ſhows.

I muſt confeſs, I never took that for Wit, which was (to uſe a New-born word) Unby-any-Fancy-fathomable.

As for the Firſt Part: *The moſt liable to Cenſure in it, is the* Tranſlations; *wherein I have taken a large Scope; but yet, I think, I have not injur'd the Senſe of the* Author. *Whoever pretends to expreſs the Conceit of a* Latin Poet, *in a Litteral way, muſt have a more compendious Brain than I. Neither do I want a ſufficient Modern Authority, for this Paraphraſtical way of Writing. I had Tranſlated the Beſt of* Horace, *his Art of* Poetry; *but finding it ſo excellently perform'd by the* Earl *of* Roſcommon, *I was unwilling my Weakneſs ſhould be a Foyl to his Wit; and therefore committed it to the Flames, to ſave Others the Labour.*

As for the Second Part, *the* Paſtoral: *I ſhall only ſay this, That I meant it for a Piece of* Dramatique; *but I Writ it before I knew any ſuch thing, as an Art in* Poetry.

Now, the main Queſtion will be, Why I could not have choſen more ſerious Subjects to have Treated on? But let thoſe ask Youth, *Why it is VVanton? As the* Spring, *Why it produces Buds and Flowers? Ask* Rivers, *Why they flow? And* Fountains, *Why they don't with-hold their Springs? I could, at this Time, have Publiſhed a* Poem, *that might have got me more Praiſe, both as to the Regular Parts of the* Poem, *and the Gravity of the Subject: But it was not my intent to Publiſh any, eſpecially ſuch as Theſe; but they were meerly exorted. Neither ſhall I think they do, in the leaſt, detract from* Virtue; *ſince I have Read the* Poems *of* Beza, Heinſius, *our own* Donne, *&c. But, at worſt, it may paſs for a Pardonable (if not Commendable)* Extravagance, *in one of my Years. I wiſh, all the VVild Oats ſown by the Youth of this Age, did produce no worſe an* Harveſt, *than This.* Poetry, *tho' it be an uſeleſs Study, it is an innocent Recreation; and the Advan-*

vantages that ariſe from it, are beſt known to them that exerciſe it. But thoſe that cry down Poetry, *in the general, forget that Part of the* Sacred Writings *were delivered in* Verſe: *And it's well known, what Uſe* Divines *have made of the* Heathen Poets, *in their Writings. If they Read* (*a*) Grotius, (*b*) Du Pleſſis, (*c*) Duport, (*d*) Burthogge, *and many more I could mention, they'd find the Antient* Writings *of the* Poets *not ſo inconſiderable. They all ſeem'd to be Inſpir'd by a Divine Spirit, and to have ſome faint Glimmerings of the Eternal Mind diffuſed on their Souls*; *as One of them ſays:*

(*a*) De Verit. Rel.
(*b*) De Verit. Rel.
(*c*) Gnom. Hom.
(*d*) De Cauſa Dei.

Eſt Deus in nobis, ſunt nos commercia Cœli.

Nay, Plato *goes farther*; *he calls them,* οἱ θεῶν παῖδες ποιηταὶ, The Sons of the Gods. *I muſt confeſs, the Abuſe of* Poetry *has been very great in theſe latter Ages*; *and ſince* Mr. Cowley, *there has been none that has endeavoured to Rectifie it. But if ever I exer-*

exerciſe my Hand again this way, it ſhall be on ſome Graver Subject. I hope, here are no Expreſſions can offend the Tendereſt Reader; *if there be, I declare I meant nothing leſs. But the* Reader *has this one ſure Antidote*; If he lets it alone, 'twill do him no Harm.

Naturaliſts *tell us, That the* Spider *can ſuck Poiſon out of the ſweeteſt Flower: And ſo a deprav'd Inclination may do out of the beſt Senſe.* Poetry *is not altogether a Picture of the* Poet's *Mind and Inclination*; *but a Picture of the Thing they repreſent: Tho' it may be, like bitter Drinks, diſguſtful to the Palate*; *yet it is good for the Health of the VVhole: And tho' it may be airy in the Expreſſion, it ought be good and ſolid in the Moral.*

John Tutchin.

Miſcel-

Miſcellanies.

The FIRST PART.

A SATYR AGAINST VICE.

NOW *bleſſings on ye all*, ye Vertuous Souls!
Who boundleſs Mankind brought to Laws and Rules.
Eternally may hallowed Incenſe burn,
In Sacred flames, around your pious Urn:

Your rational Laws gave *Piety* its riſe;
And your dread hand firſt ſtruck the Monſter *Vice*.
We (thanks to Heav'en and you) can plainly ſee
The modern cheat of grave Iniquity.
But bleſt (and more if Heav'en can do't) be you,
Who naked Virtue boldly did purſue:
When Swords, and direful Spears before you lay,
You ~~greatly~~ boldly trod in the Imperial Way:
And grizly *Death* triumphantly did meet;
Faggots your Grave, and Flames your Winding-ſheet.
To make your ratio'nal Tenents true and good,
You bravely ſeal'd 'em with your dying blood.
Vice, thou firſt born of Hell! and blacker far,
Than the black Fiends, damn'd *Pluto*'s Subjects are:
Supinely thou hadſt ſlept in thy dark Cell,
Where mighty Sinners in oblivion dwell;
And ne're untimely had this monſtrous Birth,
Had not ſome Devil brought thee up to Earth:
Soon thou hadſt been depoſed from thy Reign,
And ne're hadſt ſeen the lightſome world again;
Had not ſome Earthly *Fiends* ador'd thy riſe,
And ſettle'd on its Throne the Monarch *Vice*.

Now

Now though the Scepter's in thy impious hand,
And like a potent Prince thou doſt command;
Amongſt the Fools thy Empire's bound does ſpread,
And 'mongſt the ſolid Wiſe, near ſhow'ſt thy head:
To the lewd Stews thou haſt thy great reſort,
And meanly ſneak'ſt to the laſcivious Court:
Pimps, Bawds, Buffoons, and all the numerous throng
Of wanton Lechers guard thee all along:
Lewd noiſome *Courtezans* ſupport thy raign,
And fill the crowd of thy inglorious train.

Tell me, ye Lordly Sots, who *Vice* adore,
You, who a Patent have to Luſt and Whore;
Who mighty Sins, and great Eſtates bring forth;
Rare pompous things to agrandize your worth:
Tell me, wherein your mighty pleaſure lies;
The ſweet delicious good of charming *Vice*;
That makes you thus the Strumpet *Vice* adore,
And make each Sot your *Pimp*, & *Bawd* your Whore?
Factors for *Hell*, of the right ſtamp and kind,
The younger brood of the Infernal Fiend,
For *Vice*'s traffick all alike deſign'd.
Sinners of all degrees come rowling on;
From *Earls*, and *Dukes*, even down to Fop Sr. *John*.

Sinners of little Wit, and great Eſtates,
Of mighty bulks, your firſt and ſecond Rates:
On whoſe lewd ſtock ſuch numerous branches grow,
And from whoſe loins ſuch goodly thouſands flow;
Would make one think, to re-aſſume his reign,
The *Malmesbury Devil*'s come again.

He, the bold Hector of the Gods, could Write,
Rail, and explode the Powers above in ſpite.
The Atheiſts Monarch, and the Courtiers tool,
The Scholars Laughing-ſtock, and Heavens Fool.
Always unwilling, ſtill unfit to die;
The very dregs of damn'd *Philoſophy*.
Irrational Brute! in whoſe groſs Brain we ſee
Nonſence digeſted in Epitome.
Couldſt contradictions joyn, and couldſt perſwade
Th' immortal Gods are unimmortal made?
Arm'd with thy Pen, with direful brow waſt ſeen,
Juſt like ſome God-defying *Maximin*.
Out from thy Mouth a threatning Bullet flies;
And God-like Curſes ſcale th' impartial Skies.
The echo of thy breath the Woods repeat,
Its violent ſtorm makes the ſtrong Tides retreat,
And puffs the very Gods from off their ſeat.

As

As if thou Sins *Columbus* meant'ſt to be,
Thou view'dſt the Orb of large Iniquity.
And having view'd each Creek, thy fatal breath
Thou didſt reſign to Chance, that made thy Earth.
And thus our mighty *Atheiſt* liv'd, thus fell
The goodlieſt Brand that ever burnt in Hell.

Ah! Had I Wit but equal to my Spite,
With what a learned malice would I write?
Not one of Luſts lewd Company ſhould be
From my more generous rage and paſſion free.
No, not thoſe Kingly Sots, thoſe Vertues Rods,
Who for their ſinning have been counted *Gods*.

Here, Bawdy *Cupid*, I would have thee know,
I ſcorn thy Quiver, and contemn thy Bow!
Thou the great God of Luſt! whoſe Empire ſpreads
Where Courts & Stews erect their ominous heads.
Grand Fiend! who art invok'd for mighty aid;
And for thy fatal help with Sins art paid:
Falſe as thy Children, *Whores*, whoſe every Prayer
And plighted Oaths, like thine, diſſolve in Air.
Cruel as Tyrants, when to Empire brought,
Puff't up with Blood, with direful Vengance fraught.
Who ſlew the mighty *Turnus*, I can tell;
And by whoſe hand great *Agamemnon* fell;

Why weeping *Phillis* ſlew *Demophoon*'s Bride,
And in the Waves the lov'd *Leander* dy'd;
Why ſad *Oenone* through the ſhady Groves
Laments for *Paris*, her unhappy Loves;
Why mournful *Philomel* does tell her tales
For abſent *Tereus* through the hollow Vales.
'Tis you, God *Cupid*, and your Mother's Doves,
Do make the Scenes of all our Tragick Loves.
Thou ſtain'dſt with Mortal Blood, thy ſelf to pleaſe,
The Marriage-Bed of the *Danaides*.
Old *Polyphemus* had the Stone from you,
With which the Wretch his Rival *Atis* ſlew.
You made the poiſon and the fatal ſtrife,
Which took away fair *Sophonisba*'s life.
'Tis you invent what bloody Lovers act,
And laugh at Miſchief and a cruel Fact:
Nay, your own Prieſts, the gladſome *Bards*, you wrong,
And give 'em Tears for Mirth, and Groans for Song.
Thou exil'd *Ovid* didſt to *Scythia* ſend,
The beſt of Bards, the Muſes deareſt Friend;
By thy diſdain he'd loſt his Poets Name;
But from his hand ſome mournful Letters came;

Came,

Came, but unbound, ungilt, of colours bare;
The genuine off-ſpring of a wanderer.
Though at thy hand one Bard did mercy find,
Thou mad'ſt him wretched e're *Caſtara* kind.
One of his *Gloriana* does complain;
And *Daniel* woes his *Delia* but in vain:
Nay, greateſt *Cowley* did his Love ſurvive,
And all his life without his *Miſtreſs* live.
If ever pity from thy bowels came,
It was to crown ſome baſe adulterate flame.
Each wandring Leecher does thy ſhrine adore,
Enjoys his *Miſtreſs* and ten thouſand more.
Thou thy deſcent hadſt never from above;
Thou art the God of Luſt, and not of Love.
If ever mortal ſhall thy God-head owne
Curſt be the hand rebuilds thy bankrupt Throne;
Plague, Peſtilence, and Fire, and what is woſſe,
Thy own dear *Pox* attend him with a Curſe.
And you, fond *Maids*, if e're again you dare
On's Altar lay a bawdy Hymn or Prayer;
Heaven blaſt your Beauty and your native Pride,
'Till you 're abhor'd, and he undeify'd.
May you with Curſes be in triumph born;
The univerſal hiſs of publick ſcorn.

May all your glances unſucceſsful prove,
And force Men's Envy when you would their Love.
Hence, hated *Vice*, from our once happy Land,
E're thy ignoble tribe did here command:
Here no triumphal honours ſhall be paid;
Altars to *Vice*, and Sacred Unction made.
The grand Impoſture here will ne're prevail:
With thy polluted breath ſwell full thy Sail;
Steer thy lewd Ship to ſome damn'd peoples coaſt,
Whom God has curſt, and have their reaſon loſt:
There thou may'ſt temples build & bear the ſway;
And with auſpicious pride may'ſt rule the day:
There may'ſt impoſe thy rigorous commands;
Have converts numerous as *Arabian* Sands:
There uncontroul'd thou may'ſt in ſafety dwell,
Bleſt with th' influence of powerful *Hell*.
Much happier we, thy Empire diſavow,
Abjure thy Precepts, and contemn thy Law:
Let gawdy Proweſs, for grave Sloth be ſeen;
Let Virtue ſtrut, where creeping *Vice* has been:
Let no fantaſtick fool obſtruct its way,
Or with vile Clouds obſcure its ardent ray;
But in imperial guiſe let it march on,
And view around the *Britiſh* Horizon:

Then

Then to our fair *Auguſta* bend its way,
And there in ſweet repoſe its bleſſing lay:
Our fair *Auguſta*, once the Nations pride,
To whom new honours brought each flowing Tide;
Now, by its peoples crimes, a Deſart made,
And though a well built Town, a very ſhade.
Once more, damn'd lewdneſs, I invoke thy name!
Shew me ſome myſtick Art to ſpread thy ſhame;
No more a peaceful name I e're can uſe,
'Tis ſpite and madneſs ſhall inſpire my *Muſe*.
Damn'd be your Plays, and all Stage-Fops that write!
Immortal *Satyr* is my whole delight:
Let all your *Stygian* Votaries adore,
And find new Paint for this *Lethean* Whore;
I'll of her crimes a juſt reſentment get,
And plague, and ſcourge her with the force of Wit.

A SATYR

A SATYR AGAINST WHORING.

SLaves to Debauchery and Luſtful Rage,
That drain the Streets, and proſtitute the Stage,
Begot in heat of Luſt on *Hackney* Whores,
Souls wrapt in Excrements of common Shoars.
Standing for patterns, 'fore the Limners Eye,
To draw the Luſtful God *Priapus* by.
Pox take ye all! This Curſe I doubt's too late,
It long has been, 'tis like, your Whoring Fate;
Then all the Courſes ever *Sodom* knew,
Or pocky Jilts, light on your Race and You;
Inflam'd by Luſt, may you with Paſſion move,
And have the Pox return'd inſtead of Love;

May

May you with ſtinking Breaths paſs unador'd,
And Breath a fulſome Clap at every Word;
May Dreams diſturb by Night, & Whores by Day,
And ravenous Shankers eat your fleſh away;
May Sores without, and fervent Heat within,
Conſume and waſte away your loathſome Skin;
May you be ſo Debaucht, ſo vilely Lewd,
'Till grown ſo great, Luſt cannot be renew'd;
'Till one ſad Ach expels another Pain,
And Claps in circles meet with Claps again;
'Till Stone, and Gout, and Stranguries contend,
Which to *Old-Nick* your luſtful Soul ſhall ſend;
Haulting may you in Lifes dull Journey go,
Condemn'd to Stews above, and Hell below;
May bawling Bawds about your Dwellings roame,
And all your Spurious Iſſue haunt your home;
Having ſpent all your Wealth in Leachery,
May you unpittied on a Dunghil die;
May all theſe Curſes, and Ten thouſand more
Than all the angry Gods have in their ſtore,
Light on you; then may Darted Vengeance come,
With hoarded Bolts of Wrath to raiſe your Tomb.
Gods! why o'er Nature did you take ſuch Care,
In making Women exquiſitely Fair?

Why

Why build you dazling Altars like the Skies,
And do provide no better Votaries
Than Men? Lascivious Men! whose lustful frown
Spoils all that's fair, and pulls what's Sacred down;
Will all enjoy, and Married be to none,
Though Nature dictates only to use one.
In broken Language Beasts by pairs do prate;
The cooing Dove bills but his single Mate;
But Man, unbounded Man! Attempts all ill,
His Lust is grown as Boundless as his Will;
That Name call'd *Husband* is of Terror full,
The State Uneasie, Melancholy, Dull;
The Kennel, Kitchin, Oyster, rampant Whore,
Before a Wife, 's the Creature they Adore.
What Sot would wander, that has by his side
The Powerful Charms of a Smiling Bride?
Cool as the coldest Night, and Chaster far
Than *Anchorets*, or *Vestal Virgins* are;
Whose equal Love, do's equal Heat Inspire,
Prompted by Kindness, not a base Desire;
In whose Embraces gladly pass away
Whole tedious years in but one Halcyon day.
Fate Favours him, that makes him spend his Life,
Doom'd to those Golden Chains, to please a *Wife*.

To

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

WHen ſome great *Prince*, or greater *Poet* dies,
He ſpends his tears in vain, who vainly cries.
All, ſoon or late, Life's glimmering Lamp bequeath
Unto the Fatal Puff of gloomy Death:
Mark yon bold Mortal now, that threats the Skies,
How ſoon he's Born, and how ſoon he Dies!
Whil'ſt we of Life and endleſs pleaſures prate,
Death whets his Scythe, and haſtes the Sands of Fate:
But ſure our *Oldham* ſhould his ſtroak ſurvive,
And to th' ungrateful Age his bleſſings give:
Much better Fate freſh Laurels would beſtow,
And kindly took him from his toils below.
Scarce can the greateſt *Cowley* get from me
A praiſe, when thy immortal Verſe I ſee;
*Cra*ſhaw and *Cowley* both did live in thee.

Let

Let the dull Fools admire the golden Ore,
And 'midſt their pompous boaſts be always Poor:
I in thy praiſe immortal Notes will prove,
Such as I whilome wrote in Mirth and Love.
Ah! would to *God* I had the Pen that wrote
Of all the toils the fam'd *Achilles* ſought;
Of all the valiant Acts that e're were done,
By brave King *Priam*, or King *Priam*'s Son;
The kindeſt Verſe that Princes Courts adorn,
Or God-like *Poets* ſing beneath the Morn;
Each charming Note did with true praiſe agree;
My much lov'd *Oldham*, ſhould be kept for thee.
Phillis laments thy fall, and weeps, thee gone,
And ſadly in her *Alcove* ſits alone:
She vows, no more the wonted Song ſhall pleaſe,
Now you, bleſt Man, your joyful Notes do ceaſe:
She hates the giddy Crowd, the noiſie Town,
And on ſome baleful *Grotto* ſits her down;
Bites her red Lips, and tears her aubourn Hair;
She courts wild Frenzie, and, as mad, Deſpair:
Let Deſarts be my home, in Caves my Bed;
Let the ſad Yew, the cryes, adorn my Head:

Ye wieldy *Satyrs* my companions be,
And in the ſhady Groves come mourn with me.
But how ſhall I, bleſt Soul! my grief expreſs,
Whoſe mournful accents are confin'd to Verſe.
Should I, like *Niobe*, a Stone become,
Cold as thy Grave, and ſenſeleſs as thy Tomb;
From hence no praiſe could to thy worth ariſe,
For Fools in Monuments out-do the Wiſe:
Then take what Nature gave me, laſting Verſe,
The ſolid glory of a Shepherds Hearſe.
True real Wit did *Cowley*'s Statue rear,
More the good Muſes than the Monarch's care;
'Tis ſtupid *Mævius* muſt the Laurel wear.
How well wou'd Laurels have adorn'd thy Head,
Whoſe Grave is now with mournful Cypreſs ſpread:
Much happier Soul! from Life's dull buſineſs free;
Free from the nauſeous world we daily ſee;
What are the Joys of which our *Cullies* boaſt?
And what the toilſome pleaſure thou haſt loſt?
What 'mongſt us buſie Mortals could'ſt thou find,
But Seas of Sins to drown an honeſt mind?

To

To see of Bawds and Pimps a numerous herd;
To see vast Cocks-combs, and great Rogues preferr'd,
Wou'd a worse Fatigue be than tedious Death;
This Air is too polluted for thy Breath.

To

TO THE

Memory of the Right Honourable

THE

EARL of *ROCHESTER.*

CEaſe, *Poets*, ceaſe, you are undone;
The *Muſes* deareſt darling Son
Is to the bleſt *Elyſium* gone.
If Poets have in Heaven aboad,
There he'll commence a happy God:
For ſure no Earthly Star cou'd ſhine,
With ſuch a luſtre, ſo Divine.
Oh! Had I trembling at thy Death,
Stood to ſuck in thy parting Breath,
That charming *Philtre*, which could prove
The ſource of *Poetry* and *Love*.
Ah! who ſhall Paint thy Paſſion right?
That laſting Torch of endleſs Light.
What manly force thy temper ſway'd?
Yet gentle as a Love-ſick Maid.

Unhappy I, by ſelf-conceit,
By Fools applauſe, and Vulgar Cheat,
Thy Fancy ſtrive to imitate.
Let me, Ah let me! but preſume,
From thy gay Wings to pluck one Plume;
How would I bruſtle then, and ſpread
My Feathers on the Muſes Bed?
But how dare I approach thy Shrine,
That's Sacred all, and all Divine:
Yet let my leſſer Fire burn,
And be attendant at thy Urn;
When *Orpheus*, all lament and cry,
And ſenſeleſs Stones, why ſhould not I?
Under yon *Beech* but 'tother Day,
Young *Philocles* and *Cloris* lay
To hear thy Pipe, and hear thy Lays,
That ſhorter made the tedious Days.
But now as much they grieve and moan;
The Lord *Adonis* dead and gone.
Lov'd Silver *Thames*, ſo fam'd in Song,
With groaning ſtreams does glide along:
Dropping like Tears, its Waters fall,
As if it wept thy Funeral.

When I the fair *Corinna* ſee,
I grieve, I ſigh, to think on thee;
But more I grieve when I peruſe
The Bawdy flaſhes of thy *Muſe*.
This to the Publiſhers was due,
Not Licens'd and Allow'd by you:
But the lewd wretches took the pain
To act the Bawdy Lectures o're again.

ODE.

I.

HArd by the Scenes of Cruel Fate
The neighb'ring Groves o're-ſpreading boughs,
The diſcontented *Celia* ſate
Bewailing her unhappy Joys:
Ah faithleſs Swain, ſhe cry'd, have I
So Lov'd you then!
Melting my Soul in Ecſtaſie,
A Paſſion I ne're thought could die.
Ah faithleſs Man!

II.

How vain then are the ſweets of Love?
How weak the pleaſure it allows?
Since diſregarded are above,
False Oaths and broken vows.
A thouſand times he ſwore by *Jove*
He'd Love me ſtill:

He call'd upon the Powers above,
And all the Deities of Love,
To prove his skill.

III.

Then gently thus he ſays, my Dear,
Thou that excell'ſt the *Paphian* Queen,
E're I untrue can prove, the Year
In laſting Froſts ſhall ſtill be ſeen.
Yet he's untrue, while *Celia* dies
By baſe deſpair:
With moans ſhe rends the yielding Skies,
Mixing her undiſtinguiſh'd ſighs
With common Air.

IV.

Ah think, Ingrate! upon the Plain,
The pleaſure we, once happy, had;
When thou wer't ſtil'd, the Lovely Swain,
And I was call'd the Beauteous Maid.
When after Death you ſhall repair,
The Shades to ſee,
Amongſt the Troops of all the Fair,
And Lovers Ghoſts, you'll find none there
That lov'd like me.

THE Tory Catch.

I.

A Friend of mine, and I did follow
A Cart and Six, with Brandy fraught;
We ſate us down, and up did ſwallow
Each a Gallon at a draught:
The ſober Sot can't drink with us,
May kiſs coy Wine with *Tantalus*.

II.

With Muſick fit for Serenading,
We did ramble to and fro;
Then to Drink and Maſquerading,
'Till we cannot ſtand nor go:
One Leg by *Bacchus* was quite lamed,
'Tother *Venus* had defamed.

III.

At the Tavern we did whisk it,
And full Pipes did empty drain:

We eat Pint-Pots instead of Bisket,
And pis'd 'em melted out again:
We beat the Vintner, kis'd his Wife,
And kill'd three Drawers in the strife.

IV.

In the Street we found some Bullies,
And to make our valour known,
We call'd 'em Fops, and silly Cullies,
And knock'd the foremost of 'em down:
And with praise to end the Fray,
We, like good Souldiers, ran away.

V.

To the Play-House we descended,
For to get a grain of Wit,
Our own with Wine was so defended.
We sate spuing in the Pit,
'Mongst Drunken Lords and Whoring Ladies,
To see such sights whose only Trade is.

HYPERMNESTRA TO LINUS.

The ARGUMENET.

Danaus, *King of* Argos, *had by several Wives Fifty Daughters; his Brother* Ægyptus *as many Sons.* Danaus *refusing to Marry his Daughters to his Brother's Sons, was at last compelled by an Army. In revenge, he commands his Daughters each to Murder her Husband on the Wedding Night, All obeyed but* Hypermnestra, *who assisted her Husband* Linus *to escape, for which being afterwards Imprisoned, and put in Irons, She writes this Epistle.*

THOSE words I would have spoke, your hasty flight
Would not allow, here trembling, loe! I write;
I thank the Fates, that do the time afford
To use my Pen before I use my Sword:

To

To make the Tragedy well understood,
I'll write the Epilogue in wreaking Blood,
That when my Fame a bloody Wife survives;
Preserv'd by me my much lov'd *Linus* lives.
The dead of Night that favour'd your Escape,
Shew'd me pale Fear in its most ugly shape.
Why are the Destinies so cruel grown?
But newly Married must we part so soon?
Why from Embraces do we make such haste?
This the first Kiss, and must it be the last?
Scarce were you gone, but in my Father came;
His Eyes spake Terror, and my Sisters shame;
Turning his raging Eyes about, he spy'd
The Sword unsheathed, and bloodless by my side.
Does *Linus* live? he said, why is not he
Silent in Death as all his Brethren be?
He vow'd that I was to my Sires disgrace,
And swore that I should die in *Linus* place.
'Tis true, my Sisters have their Husbands slain,
And only I the guiltless Wife remain:
Let my dread Sisters in their fury rave,
And make the Marriage Bed a dismal Grave;

Who

Who can with unrelenting Eyes desire,
To see their Husbands by their sides expire,
And make the Marriage Torch a Funeral Fire.
Can I more fierce than Wolves or Tygers prove,
In that soft Bed, which was design'd for Love?
Can my weak Hands lift up the pointed Steel,
Against that Breast? Can I a Husband kill?
Whilest he, poor innocent, does sleep so fast,
Must wake no more, but slumber out his last?
Let fatal Lovers their keen Poniards take,
And on themselves their bloody Vengeance wreak:
Yet fame shan't say, with unrelenting Steel,
Sad *Hypermnestra* did her Husband kill.
How my cold Limbs with trembling Terror shook,
When in my Hand the Fatal Sword I took?
I held it o're thy Breast, aim'd at thy Heart;
But mine, alas! did only feel the smart.
My trembling Hand made me the Body miss,
And for a deadly Wound I gave a Kiss.
Must fatal deeds appease the angry Skies?
A Husbands Blood's too dear a Sacrifice.
Good natur'd Man! he meant no Death for me;
Shall I both Cruel and Unconstant be?

Had

Had I been nurſt in ſome wild Deſart place,
Sprung of a Lyon or a Tygers Race;
So that in all my Life I ne're did ſee
The gentle Rules of ſoft Humanity,
I from the Marriage Bed might bear away
The guilt of thoſe that do their Husbands ſlay:
But you, kind Heavens! have given me a Soul,
That Malice cann't deceive, nor Fraud controul;
Fixt as your Bolts, it never ſhall remove,
From Rules of Honour, and from Laws of Love.
Though the keen Sword preſent unto my ſight,
The coming Terrors of Eternal Night;
I ſtill will live my *Linus* deareſt Wife,
And thank the Fate that rids me of my Life.
And now, my Deareſt, if you chance to hear
Theſe ſadder Groans the raging Storms bear:
If once this Letter be ſo bleſt to come
To your Abode, your melancholy Home;
Kiſs the lamenting Paper, and then make
Some mournful Obſequies for your Wife's ſake.

CORINNA

CORINNA TO PHILOCLES.

The ARGUMENT.

Philocles, *a Swain of* Sicily, *falling in Love with the beauteous* Corinna, *a Nymph of the Plain (after Mutual Vows of Constancy) gets her with Child, and then flies into* Scythia; *whereupon she writes him the following Letter.*

TO thee, Dear *Philocles*, to thee I send,
The much abus'd *Corinna*'s faithless Friend.
Scythia, a Sanctuary sure allows
For broken Oaths, and unregarded Vows.
Ah, perjur'd Youth! to leave those dearest Arms,
He once confest were mere *Circean* Charms!

Cast

Caſt at my Feet he oft would panting lie.
While growing Love did turn to Ecſtaſie:
Penſive he look'd, he groan'd, he breath'd forth ſighs;
Sad was his Heart, and languiſhing his Eyes.
Grown Drunk with gazing, he would reeling ſtand,
And, drown'd in Raptures, kiſs my charming Hand:
Then all in Paſſions, by the Gods he ſwore,
I was his *Saint*, and me he would adore.
Before our Friends he unſeen looks would take,
And undiſcerned aſſignations make:
Duty to them would make him words refrain,
But's Eye made Love in a far nobler ſtrain.
His Eyes grown languid, did ſoft Vows impart:
(The Eye's the natural Index of the Heart)
Yet after Vows and Tears he Faithleſs proves;
The juſt reſult of our too conſcious Loves.
When to the ſilent Groves *Corinna* hies,
Thoſe guilty Scenes of our once deareſt joys;
Here I can find no ſweets, nor wonted eaſe,
But ſadly mourn my abſent *Philocles*.

Down

Down to the ſpreading Beech I go, whoſe boughs
Have oft bore witneſs of our mutual Vows:
There ſee our names upon the paler Rind,
In Amorous Characters together joyn'd:
By annual growth, the Names now diſtant ſhow;
Ah! muſt the Lovers be at diſtance too?
Relentleſs Fate! in vain do Mortals grieve,
And chide at Deſtiny they cann't retrieve.
Who could have thought our joys ſo freſh and green,
So big with Love, had ever Mortal been?
Uninterrupted ſweets ran rowling by,
In boundleſs days, like vaſt Eternity.
No hours big with Fate our reſt annoys,
Nor ſudden change our unadulterate joys.
Indulgent Nature ſtrove with care to pleaſe
The lov'd *Corinna* and her *Philocles*:
Whileſt he the lovely Swain did ſit and ſing,
Beneath the pleaſures of the blooming Spring.
The neighbouring Swains lay ſilent on the Plain,
And *Philomel* did chant her Lays in vain:
Down goes his Pipe, and qualms of Love come on:
(Then Mixing Vows and Kiſſes all in one)

Ah!

Ah! tender *Nymph*, he ſaid, was beauty given;
(Beauty the chiefeſt Gift of bounteous Heaven)
To die like yielding flowers before the Sun,
And give no ſcent before its race be run?
Ah! lovely *Miſtreſs* of my kindeſt fires,
Who in my active Soul beget'ſt deſires;
Bleſs with a ſmile my melancholy hours,
And I Eternally am ſtiled yours.
Ah! cruel fair One, ſmile! and ſmiling ſay,
My anxious days you will with Love repay.
And here I ſmiling ſaid, (for who cold hold,
When raviſh'd looks the Heart's lov'd meſſage told)
" Know, *Philocles*, your Love I've always ſeen,
" And e're this time it had rewarded been.
" With gazing Eyes I oft your form did view;
" When you were ſick I ſympathiz'd with you:
" But Love-ſick Maids will any thing endure;
" Refuſe the Phyſick, though they love the Cure.
" But now I find, in vain I long have ſtrove;
" Excuſe me, if I bluſhing ſay, *I Love.*
" Take no advantage 'ore my weak replyes;
" In ſilence cheriſh a poor Virgins ſighs.

Then

Then here he ſwore, by all the Powers Divine,
He wou'd be always True, be always Mine.
But, Ah! ſays he, How weak the Joy does prove,
If we ſtill reſt on that ſlight Thing, call'd *Love?*
Sighs are but Airy Blaſts, that move the Heart,
And drive the winged downy *Cupid*'s Dart.
Kiſſes are empty Prologues to the Play,
And, like the Morning Dew, ſoon melt away.
Ah! 'tis Enjoyment muſt our Souls inſpire,
And prove the Vigour of our Youthful Fire.
Tell me, ſweet Maid, How bleſſed *Venus* ſped
With all the Pleaſures of the Genial Bed,
When ſhe *Adonis* drew unto her Breaſt,
And, with ſtoln Joys, the Youthful Lover bleſt?
This was a better Act, and pleas'd her more,
Than, o're rude Hills, to ſee him chaſe the Boar.
If Languid Looks were all Love's Myſtery,
The Dead, in Tombs, might court as well as we.
Yield, Beauteous Virgin, ere the Time comes on,
When nought but the Deſire ſhall freſh remain;
Ere fumbling Age ſhall ſoberer things perſwade,
And you be call'd that hated thing, *Old Maid.*
Yield, yield, I ſay.----But here I ſtopt his Speech,
And, with alluring Words, did him beſeech,

Never

Never again that impious Paſſion name,
So vilely great, and ſo adulterous flame,
The juſt procurer of our future ſhame.
Thus the Almighty Gods will angry be,
And who can brook a thundring Deity?
Oh! Mention not the Gods, he ſays, for they
In amorous ſports do paſs whole years away.
No Mortal here on Earth, or God above,
Is ſuch a Lecher as Almighty *Jove*.
Great rampant Whores, Punks lewd and over-grown,
And ſprawling Baſtards do ſurround his Throne.
Out from unlawful Beds the Heavenly Race
Did ſpring, and ever ſince have lov'd the place.
We never yet have wicked Lovers been;
None but the guilty ſhould lament for Sin.
How many ſweets we loſe, and dear delights;
While the dull Prieſt performs the Nuptial Rites:
And ſilly Children grieve their Parents mind,
And fret themſelves when Nuptial knots they bind.
Happy *Macareus*, who didſt gladly prove,
The pleaſing joy of an inceſtuous Love;

To toy with *Canace* would ſilly creep,
When ſtorms had rock't his Windy Sire aſleep.
For this ſhe never ſigh'd, though ſhe did mourn
His tedious abſence, and his wiſh'd return:
But e're I leave my *Miſtreſs* and my *Dear*,
The *Gods* ſhall come and ſhall inhabit here.
Come down, *ye Gods*, from Heavenly Seats come down!
The perjur'd Swain is from his *Miſtris* gone,
And left a Teeming wretch to ſigh alone.
Think, lov'd Apoſtate, how this tender Child,
And his ſad Mother you have thus beguil'd.
Methinks his Infant voice does ſcreeching cry,
In my loath'd Womb, his and my Miſery:
My Child-bed Throes come on, yet I take care
Of ſeeing thee, my Faithleſs Wanderer.
When drouſie Night comes on, all Creatures fly
To ſweet repoſe, yet reſtleſs ſtill am I.
One Night the drouſie God came to my Bed,
And with ſoft ſlumber did my Temples ſpread:
Senſeleſs I lay, as if I had been dead.
Juſt as ſick Lovers uſe, a pleaſing Dream
Came ſoftly on, and for its lovely Theam,
Before mine Eyes thy faithleſs Image came.

Feeble

Feeble with Love; my utmoſt force I try'd,
To lay the airy Phantome by my ſide:
But ſtrugling hard, a parting Kiſs it drew,
And from my Arms my empty Lover flew.
But when I wak'd, the Sun had deck'd my Bed,
And with the Night my ſleepy Viſion fled:
Good Gods! I cry'd, is this the bliſs we prove?
This, this the promis'd Joy of *Cupid*'s Love?
Then grown diſtracted, in my rage I tare
The golden Locks of my once lovely Hair:
Whil'ſt in my diſmal Breaſt fear meets with fears,
I waſh my Lilly Hands in briny Tears:
You may believe't, my Eyes are watry ſtill;
And, while I write, upon my Paper ſpill
Their liquid Juice: A Juice well known to me,
Yet ſuch as Lovers never care to ſee.
Why do I weep, when woe is paſt relief;
But there's a certain pleaſure found in grief;
'Tis vain to ſpeak to Woods and Rocks, 'tis vain
To cry to thee who 'rt harder, perjur'd Swain:
Yet read theſe Lines, read 'em as ſent by me,
The only Legacy I leave to thee:
When unconfin'd at Liberty you rome,
Think on the wretched Nymph you've left at home.

And when to windy Mountains you repair,
Waft one kind ſigh to poor *Corinna* here.
Whil'ſt thou doſt *Scythia*'s Froſt and Snow diſcover,
(The fitteſt Climate for ſo cold a Lover)
Think how in ſcorching Love at home I burn,
And all the Night thy much loath'd abſence mourn.
Thy tatter'd Flocks lie moaning 'ore the Plains;
A prey to greedy Wolves, and Pirate Swains:
Thy lowing Herds, by thee once lov'd ſo well,
In hoarſer moans their *Maſter*'s abſence tell:
Scorch'd by the Summers heat, while theſe expire,
I die, I die, by no leſs ſcorching fire.
If to this Country you ſhall chance to come,
And view again your melancholy home,
Here you'll behold your dear *Corinna*'s Tomb.
Then to my Tomb one tender ſigh commit,
Unleſs your Heart be grown as hard as it.
Then write upon my Tomb, my Ghoſt t'appeaſe,
Here lies Corinna, *kill'd by* Philocles.

CLEOPATRA TO ANTHONY.

The ARGUMENT.

Anthony *having lost most of his Men and Arms, is like to be overcome by* Cæsar: Ventidius *promises his* Parthian *Army, consisting of Twelve Legions. The Souldiers refuse to fight, because they say, they only fight for* Cleopatra; *who was the Cause of* Anthony's *losing so many Battles.* Anthony, *drawn by the Importunity of* Ventidius, *and the Necessity of repairing his Honour on One side, and obliged to stay by the Charms and Enchantments of* Cleopatra *on the Other, is doubtful whether he shall submit to Love, or Honour: Resolves, at last, to regain his former Trophies; and gives out, he is going to fight* Cæsar. Cleopatra *hearing this ill News, sends him the following Letter.*

AND will you go, my Souldier, to the Wars?
Leave harmless Combats, Love's tumultuous Jarrs?

Can you in Winter-Nights more safely rest
On Beds of Steel, than *Cleopatra*'s Breast?
A greater Bliss, my *Mars*, it cannot be,
To Fight with *Cæsar*, than to Toy with *Me*.
But why should I my Counsel thus afford
(My Discontented, and my Angry *Lord*)
To You? Yet sure, in Justice, you should view
Your dearest *Mistress*, bid one kind Adieu.
Did you but know the Fears that vex my Mind,
You would, my *Lord*, you would, you would be kind.
Pensive I lie, depress'd by Ominous Fate;
And all the Ills on the Unhappy wait.
I know *Venidius* frowns, and says, That I
Am the Contriver of your Destiny.
I counsel'd you to fight at Sea; you did;
I from the Fight a frightful Woman fled.
Oh! had I been a Man, a Heart like Yours,
I never then had fled from *Cæsar*'s Powers.
I grant all this; yet challenge you to tell,
Did you e'er know a Woman love so well?
To me, when Young, my Nurse would often say,
Thy tender Limbs are made for Love and Play.

Noble

Noble Ambition does attend the Fair;
And handsom Ladies still presumptuous are:
But my Presumption, surely, none can blame;
Or term my *Loving* an *Ambitious Flame*.
No Magick Spells, or Philtre's do I prove,
By which *Medea* got her *Jason's* Love:
Our forfeit Joys no *Hydra* Serpents yield;
You, with rough Bulls, ne're plough the Fiery Field.
'Tis to my Eyes my fatal Conquest's due;
'Twere they perswaded, and they charmed you.
Yours fixt on Mine for ever seem'd to *Live*;
Then you were kind, and easie to forgive.
I value not your Wealth, nor your Disdain;
Only return the Love I gave, again.
The Rabble say, I with your Foes accord;
Betray your *Country*, and betray my *Lord*:
Witness, ye Gods! how I have kept my Vows;
My plighted Oaths, and all my Faith allows!
Witness ye Scenes of Joy, that we have seen,
That I am True, and still have Constant been!
True to your Bed; Why then should perjur'd Fate
Perswade you, I am false unto the State?

And what with Politicks should Women do?
They to *Love's Oracles* should pay their due,
And to their Lords be Constant still, and True.
Fie, *Anthony!* Are these your Vows? You swore
By your dead Sire, whose Image then you bore;
You swore, you did, that I should bear the sway;
Your Heart was mine, and Me you would obey.
Ventidius flatters you with Hopes of Fame;
And says, From War you'll raise a lasting Name:
Bids you take noble War for rusty Peace,
And Fields of Honour for Inglorious Ease;
Feel *Juno's* Rage, and *Jove's* important Ire;
His bluest Thunder, and his palest Fire.
But yet, How light does *Fame* and *Honour* prove,
Put in the Ballance with *immortal Love?*
Love, at whose Altars mighty Monarchs fall;
And tender *Love* ought to bear sway in all.
Let *Souldiers* Fight, and *Tyrants* Kings subdue,
And greatly strutt amongst the Martial Crew;
In Conquer'd Fields their Monuments may raise,
And write in Bloody Letters all their Praise:
Heav'ns grant us Peace, and crown with Mirth our Days.

Can you a greater Fame to Conquest bring,
Than that already you have got, a Queen?
And were I not a Queen, I could despise
Your gawdy Shows, and *Roman* Gallantries.
I to my Native Splendor could repeat;
For Pageant Pomp does still attend the Great.
'Tis Love that makes me act the Things I do;
Makes me demean my self, to look on You.
I (when in *Ægypt*) had a Thousand Eyes
Were constant Slaves; for You I all despise.
When I upon the Silver-*Cydnos* Row'd,
You on the Shoar, How solemnly you bow'd?
I mark't your Motion to the Neighbouring Grove;
I storm'd distracted, all confus'd with Love.
With longing Eyes upon the Shoar you stand,
And press, among the Crowd, to see me land.
I entertain'd your Passion, Lov'd you too;
And, Heaven knows, advanc'd more than my due:
I cherish't all your Love 'twixt Hope and Fear;
For *Cleopatra* then was *Cæsar*'s Dear:
Yet leaving him, to your Embraces run;
And fondly sought the way to be undone.

Now

Now you'll leave me amidst my Envious Foes;
Your self to Dangers, and to Death expose:
Your plighted Oaths, and Faith you bear away;
If Love won't do, then I command you, stay.

Transla-

II.

Translations
out of
HORACE.

III

BOOK II. ODE 14.

Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

I.

AH *Posthumus*! How quick our years
Do slide away!
The winged hours for none will stay,
Virtue, that always pillars rears,
Eternal Monuments of Fame,
Leaving behind a lasting Name,
To her best Friend it can no time allow,
Or keep deep Furrows from his aged brow.

II. Should'st

II.

Should'ſt thou a thouſand Bribes, as Offrings bring,
To the *Infernal King*;
'Twould move no pity in his hardn'd Breaſt;
'Twould give thy weary Soul no reſt.
He the bold *Stygian* water aws:
He gives to *Cerion* and to *Thius* Laws.
Ah ſooty *Lake!* thy waves, alas!
We all or ſoon or late muſt paſs.

III.

All the bold Mortals, that do ſport
On Earths round Globe,
From the baſe *Rabble* to the Court;
From *Pluſh* and *Ermins* to the homely Robe,
Muſt all deſcend to *Charon*'s Boat, and be
Wafted by him to vaſt Eternity.

IV.

In vain we Martial fury ſhun;
In vain from ſwelling Waves we run;
In vain we fear the ominous time
Of ſickly *Autumns* prime.

Down

Down to the gloomy ſhore we ſoon muſt go;
Through Pitchy Waves muſt row,
To dread *Cocytus*, that amazing ſhoar,
Where *Danaus* wicked race does roar,
And *Syſiphus* does roll his Stone
In endleſs grief, alone.

V.

Thou ſoon thy pleaſant Lands no more ſhalt view;
To thy dear ſmiling *Wife* ſhalt bid a long adieu.
Nought of thy ſhady Groves with thee ſhall go,
But the ſad *Cypreſs*, that does mourning ſhow.
Thy nobler Heir with joy ſhall ſpend
All thou didſt ſave, and Feaſt his Friend;
And waſh the Stones with better Wine
Than that which makes the *Biſhops* ruby Noſes ſhine.

VI.

BOOK II. ODE 4.

Ne ſit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phœce, &c.

I.

TO love a Serving-Maid no Sin can be:
Servants to us in Love are free.
The rough *Achilles* fell in Love
With the white Skin'd *Briſeis*, and did prove
Her humble Servant, once her lofty Lord.
The Son of *Telamon*, ſo fam'd in War,
His Female Slave ador'd.
A Girle fair
Was all the great *Atrides* did eſteem,
Of all the Wealth and Victories got by him.

II.

How canſt thou tell but that fair *Phillis* may
Be born of as noble clay
As that which makes thoſe Pageants we call *Kings*?
Thou know'ſt not but ſhe ſprings
From

From a great Regal Line;
And weeps becauſe the Gods have caſt her down:
Believe me, *Phileus*, ſhe deſerves a Crown.
She needs muſt be Divine;
She, who no breach of Oaths did ever know,
Who for an honeſt fame could wealth for-go,
Muſt needs of ſome high Parentage be born.
I, whom Age doth ſeize
With its incurable Diſeaſe:
I, who all wanton wiſhes ſcorn,
Admire her Face, her Arms, and every Limb,
And think it worth my juſt eſteem.

BOOK II. ODE 16.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægeo, &c.

I.

WHen the poor Mariner can nought espie
But Sea and Skie,
Caught in the large *Ægean* Waves,
The dismal Clouds chasing away the Day;
The waining Moon no Light does give,
The guiding Lamps of Heaven are gone away;
Then the poor Merchant prays the Gods to live:
Peace, cry the *Thracians*, lame with War,
The *Medes* as quiet as their Quivers are,
Would be. But *Peace*, alas! is sold
Not for rich gems, nor Purple, nor for Gold.

II.

'Tis not, Oh *Grosphus!* treasures great
Can make perplexing care retreat;

'Tis

'Tis not the Spears, with Horſes joyn'd,
Remove the tumults of the Mind;
Or drive the buſie thoughts from off ones Bed.
His Mite a Million is, who lives ſo well,
As no baſe Fear moleſts his ſleep:
No great Ambition does diſturb his Head,
Whoſe Board with homely Dainties doth excell,
Above a King's deſire;
Set off with one old Salt, that once did grace his Sire.

III.

Why for Eternal Pleaſures do we ſtrive,
In a decaying mortal life?
Why muſt our ſtation be remov'd
From that dear Country once we lov'd?
Why do we ſeek another Air,
And leave our Native Land?
The change of Climates does not change our care:
Who aws a Nation can't himſelf command.
Care, from the ſturdy Ships won't keep aloof,
Though they were all of Canon proof:
The Card, the Compaſs, Helm and all the Art
That Neptunes briny Subjects know,
Perplexes the poor Seamans Heart:

Sometimes he dreads the Rock, and then the Seas,
And knows not where to go.
Fear trips it faſter than frightn'd Hind,
Flies with more haſt than the rough Eaſter Wind,
To rob a Mind of Eaſe.

IV.

He that at preſent has a joyful Mind,
Ne're thinks on what's to come:
He ſcorns to think on things that are not made,
Without a Being are in *Chaos* laid.
What pleaſure can he find
To dream of future care, or think of future eaſe?
He keeps his pleaſant home,
And mixes his ſad thoughts with thoſe that pleaſe.
None that the Gods have bleſt we happy call;
For whom they happy made, was never bleſt in all.
How ſoon the great *Achilles* did to Death
Yield his departing Breath?
How ſoon Death took him hence,
Who had Millions ſlew?
Soon did old *Tython* bid his Houſe adieu:
His ſnowie Hairs cou'd not their wearer ſave,

From

From the inexorable Grave:
What is deni'd to thee, to me may fall by chance.

V.

Thou tell'ſt thy hundred Flocks of bleating Sheep,
Art pleas'd when thy *Sicilian* Heifers low:
No Muſick is ſo good,
As Neighing Mares, that rattle through the Wood.
Thou in bright Tiſſues, in deep red doſt go;
When the good natur'd Gods have given me,
A Soul of Verſe, a Poets name,
That's writ on the chief Pinnacle of Fame;
A Heart from all perplexing Paſſions free:
Free from the Cowards cold, and Madman's Heat,
But ſcorns the Vulgar, and contems the great.

BOOK III. ODE 9.

Donec gratus eram tibi
Nec quis quam, &c.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT *HORACE* and *LYDIA*.

HORACE.

WHen I alone my Miſtreſs did enjoy,
When She was kindly free, not vilely coy,
When no ſmooth Lad about her Neck did cling;
I vy'd in pleaſure with the *Perſian King*.

LYDIA.

When you no Beauty lov'd but only mine,
And *Lydia* was no ſlave to *Chloe*'s ſhrine,

Then

Then faireſt *Lydia* had a laſting Name,
Preceded *Ilia* in the rank of Fame.

HORACE.

The *Thracian Chloe* now has got my Heart,
Sweet at her Lute, excelling in her Art:
For whoſe dear ſake I joyfully would die,
If I might gain the living *Maid* thereby.

LYDIA.

Calys, *Ornitho's* Son, a worthy Name,
Scorches my Heart with no unequal flame:
For whom I would a double Death enjoy,
If Heaven would give me the *ſurviving Boy*.

HORACE.

What now if *Venus* ſhould the game retrieve,
And Marriage bonds betwixt us two ſhould give?
If I ſhould hate fair *Chloes* Aubourn Hair,
And ope' the Gate to *Lydia*, as my Dear?

LYDIA.

Though thou wert wilder than the raging Sea,
And he as beauteous as the *Milky-way*;
Thou angry as the Seas that threat the Skie,
In thy lov'd boſom I would live and die.

ODE.

I.

AND why in red doſt thou appear?
Heavens! how you look, and how I gaze?
Can you the Martial Livery wear,
And with it tread the Lovers Maze?
Though red and furious you are ſeen,
I'm ſure you're white and kind within.

II.

For you I ſigh, I grieve alone;
Give me your Heart to eaſe my pain;
I'll kindly mark it for mine own,
And give it back to you again:
Free from times blot, my Name ſhall reſt,
Enroll'd ſo ſafe within your Breaſt.

ODE.

I.

CUrſe on your Friends! Why ſhould they interpoſe?
I never ſought their Love:
And if my Loving you they diſapprove;
You ſay, You Love, and you I choſe.
Baſe, awkard Sots! To tell of Blood and Name,
And Titles, and Eſtate, and talk of Fame;
Things not worth the having;
Of which Young Lovers never have a Thought:
Though they by Fools are dearly bought,
They are not worth the ſaving.

II.

Would you that Young tawdry Cockscomb wed,
Your Father ſo admires?
No; bind him to your Waiting-Maid,
She's fit for his Deſires.

I grant him ſtore of Wealth, and I have none;
But yet my Wit will laſt, when all his Money's gone.
Poor ſilly Fool! Muſt he my Rival be,
'Cauſe he's ſet off with gawdy Shows,
Lace, Ribbons, and fine colour'd Cloaths?
And this is all his Equipage and Worth.
I too will dreſs my Sword, and ſet it forth
In the new faſhion'd Pedantry;
It ſhall make Love as well, nay, better far than he.

III.

Let the old Fumblers dote at home,
And make long Baggs for whom they pleaſe;
In wanton Joys young Lovers roam,
And Fancies croſſes ſtill their Eaſe.
Friendſhip and Love all Tyes will break,
And will, from Nature, Licenſe ſeek.
Why then, Dear *Celia*, ſhould your Friends make ſuch ado
About your *Joynture*, and your *Portion* given?
Which, if once done, ere 'tis obtain'd by You,
Their Souls will be either in Hell or Heaven.

Ne're think of Wealth, and painted Joys,
That pleaſe the Men, and cheat the Boys:
The ſame to All's the God of Love;
All Affections he does move;
Over all he ſpreads his Wings,
Making Beggars equal Kings.
Ne're from his Dictates then remove;
But give your *Perſon* where you gave your *Love*.

ODE.

ODE.

I.

WEll; *Celia*'s Married! If she be, I do not care,
Since some unmarried are.
I thought, at first, my Love could never die;
But now I find it otherwise.
When Fuel's taken from the Fire,
How soon the hottest Flame in gloomy Darkness dies?
Smoak puts out Flame, Marriage Desire;
All things must wait
The Revolution of their Fate.
The Gods for us decree, and we for them obey;
They manage us like Engines, They the First Movers are;
We move in a Circumscribed Sphere:
They make the Night, and They the Day:

They

They manage Love, and Leagues command:
They make thoſe Vows above, to which we Mortals ſet our Hand.

II.

Did *Celia* think, ſhe anger'd me,
When ſhe forſook her Vow?
No; ſuch a Sot I ne're could be,
To die in Love for You.
Mad Men upon themſelves their Poniards prove;
I am not Mad, for I am not in Love.
Shall I in ſome dark Corner die alone,
'Cauſe I have loſt a Faithleſs One?
No, *Madam*, Thanks to you, my Heart is grown
As hard as any Stone:
And it has the Attractive Virtue too;
It draws a Thouſand Beauties to it every Day,
Clear as the *Sun*, and ſweet as *May*;
And, in my Eyes, more Bright than You.

III.

Now, Heavens be prais'd, I'm free!
And thank my *Miſtreſs* for my *Goal-Delivery*.

Like

Like ſome poor Priſoner, from a *Tyrant* got,
I'm ſurfeited with Eaſe.
Sun-Shine of Beauty was too hot;
But now, being to the Shadow got,
I find that Love was a Diſeaſe.
Now ſhall I, as your Gallants do,
Rail at her, that me forſook,
In whoſe Words I Pleaſure took;
Curſe her, cauſe ſhe is untrue:
No; that's beneath a Man, much leſs a Lover,
His own dear *Love* to hide, or *Miſtreſs* Crimes diſcover.

ODE.

ODE.

YOU merry Virgins, mad Maids,
Of buſie *London Town*,
Abuſe the Country ſad Maids,
And every *Ruſty Clown*:
Your Beauties all ſhall wither,
You *Bawds* and *Whores* together.
For if your Painting
Were but wanting,
Where would your Beauty be?
The Glances of your Eyes,
By which you do ſurprize,
Are all to Art, not Nature, due:
All your Charms are untrue;
Your faithleſs Vows do with your Paint agree.

ODE.

ODE.

I.

WHere diſcontented Lovers walk,
Hard by the chiding Brooks, and ſmiling Springs,
And mournfully together talk
Of Love's vain Joys, and fruitleſs Things:
Here I once ſcorcht by Heat of Love and Day,
Cupid and *Phœbus* both my Ruine meant.
I, chiding Fortune, here expiring lay:
Alas! cry'd I; What means ſhe now to do?
Am I her Priſoner, and her Exile too?
Come, Savage *Tygers*, come! and quickly tear
This diſmal gloomy Breaſt,
By Tyrannous Love oppreſt;
Come quick, and all your cruel Torturus ſhow:
But, when you find my Heart, I charge you, ſpare
Her Image there,
Though ſhe be crueller than you.
And thus I cry'd;
And thus ſad Echo ſoon reply'd:
Enough,

Enough, enough of Lover's Pain;
Poor wretched Mortal, thou haſt ſpent in vain
Enough of fruitleſs Pain.

II.

Then on the Graſs I lay me down again:
Sleep, ſleep, I cry'd; Sleep, wretched Mortal here!
Eternal Thoughts of Joy begets Deſpair,
And fooliſh Loving even is a Pain.
Could thou enjoy thy ſcornful Dear,
Soon She muſt part from Thee, or Thou from Her.
See yonder Amorous Waters, how they ſport,
And the coy Bank, their Miſtreſs, court;
And though they would in long Embraces ſtay,
They only kiſs the Banks, and glide away.
Of Thee, my Dear, but one ſoft Smile I crave;
And thoſe that Love like me, ſo ſmall a Gift may have.
And thus I cry'd;
And thus ſad Echo ſoon reply'd:
Enough, enough of Lover's Pain;
Poor wretched Mortal, thou haſt ſpent in vain
Enough of fruitleſs Pain.

ODE.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

THanks for your Praiſes! were they due, I wou'd
Pamper my ſelf with Joy, and think 'em Good.
Loaden with Laurels for mine unknown Art,
You paint me Great, although beneath Deſert.
But if *Mecenas* had a laſting Fame,
Becauſe the beſt of Poets us'd his Name;
Then Merit juſtly may to me belong,
Becauſe 'tis ſung by your all-skilful Tongue.
Oft have I blam'd my Stars, that I ſhould be
Plagu'd with this ſoft deluding *Poetry*:
This Charming *Miſtreſs*, that has kept my Heart,
Quite from a Child, by her bewitching Art.

From

From her glad Fountain I can always find
A pleasing Philtre to make *Phillis* kind:
For tell me that coy *Maid* could ever be
Cruel, when urg'd by Charming *Poesie*?
Verse is the *Poet*'s Beauty, Wealth and Wit;
And what soft *Virgin* won't be won by it?
But, wearied with Delight, I always try
Against this Spell to find a Remedy.
By good *Divinity* I think to find
A Soveraign Remedy for Soul and Mind:
But then, with Holy Flame, I strait do burn,
And all to *Hymns*, and *Sacred Anthems* turn.
Nay, when the Night does waking Thoughts redress,
And Guardian Angels with our Souls converse,
To busie Mortals is the sleeping Time;
I dream and slumber all the Night in Rhyme.
Then puzling *Logick* next I take in hand;
But this, Alas! can't *Poesie* withstand.
Barbara, *Celarent*, I with Rase express,
And yoke rough *Ergo's* into well-made *Verse*;
My Faithless Lover's *Syllogism* tries;
I by stout *Logick* find their *Fallacies*.

Then *Scheibler*, *Suarez*, *Bellarmine* I get,
And found the depth of *Metaphyſick* wit:
Streight, in a fret, I damn 'em all at once,
And vow they are as dull as *Zabarel* or *Dunce*.
Credit me, *Sir*, no greater plague can be,
Than to be poiſon'd with mad *Poetrie*:
Like Pocky Letchers, who have got a Clap,
And paid the *Doctor* for the dear miſhap;
But newly eaſed of their nauſeous pain,
Return to their wanton Sin again.
So Poets be they plague'd with naughty Verſe,
They never value good nor bad ſucceſs:
Or be they trebly damn'd, they will prefer
Their next vile ſcribling to the *Theater*.
Well might the Audience, with their hiſſes, damn
The Bawdy Sot that late wrote *Limberham*:
But yet you ſee, the Stage he will command,
And hold the Laurel in's polluted Hand.
In ſlothful eaſe, a while I took delight,
And thought all Poets mad that us'd to write.
So long I kept from Verſe, I thought I'd loſt
My Verſing Vein, and of my Fortune boaſt:
But having tryal made, I quickly found
My ſtore renew'd, in numbers ſtrong and ſound.

With

With eaſe my happy fancies come and go,
As Rivulets do from *Parnaſſus* flow.
Then finding that in vain I long had try'd
The *Poet* from the *Tutchin* to divide;
I charming *Poeſie* make my delight,
And propagate the humor ſtill to Write.
Our new Divines do alter not one jot,
From what their Tribe in older times have wrot;
Except, like *Parker*, to have ſomething new,
They broach new Doctrines, either falſe or true:
A *Publick Conſcience*, which for nought does paſs,
But proves the Writer is a publick Aſs;
Who the new Philoſophick world have told,
Have for a new but varniſh'd o're the old.
But all Poetick Phancy can't draw dry,
Th' unfathom'd Wells of deepeſt Poeſie.
The *Bifront Hill* is always ſtout and ſtrong;
The *Muſes* ſtill are handſome, always young.
The cleareſt ſtreams of Chryſtal *Helicon*
Do o're the Pebles in ſweet Rhymings run.
Why then ſhould you, *Dear Sir*, (that have pretence
To the extreameſt bounds of Wit and Senſe)

Lay by your Quills and hold your Tune-ful Tongue,
While all the witty want your pleasing Song?
Once more renew those Lays that gave delight,
That chear the Day, and glad the gloomy Night:
May with your dying breath your Verses end;
Thus prays your constant, and

Your truest Friend,

J. T.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF MRS E. P.

Who Died of the *SMALL-POX.*

I.

A Dreadful day it was, a lowring time,
Nature appear'd in black, a Mourner too;
When first I heard the Message read,
The doleful Message, that my Friend was dead.
Weep on ye Clouds, weep on till you grow dry,
At least as free from Tears as I:
Who'd lavish'd all my stock before,
And wept, till I could weep no more,
For *Sylvia* fled to the *Elysian* Shore.

II.

Scarce was lov'd *Sylvia* Buried;
Scarce had I
Clear'd up my Eyes, and wipe'd 'em dry,
But loe! another Bill of Fate appears,
Black as the Night, and all be-dropt with Tears:
It told, (Oh, that I ne're had heard it told!)
How my beſt Friend was gone;
How pinnion'd, like a Dove, ſhe fled,
And drove the beauteous *Æther* on,
Till ſhe had forc'd her paſſage to the Immortal Dead.

III.

Hail, Sacred Maid; for ſure we know,
Thou art the ſame above thou waſt below.
Miſtaken Mortals! ſo unjuſt, unkind;
While thou wer't here we thought thee Woman-kind,
And call'd thee ſo; but now thou'rt gone,
What ſhall we do to recompence?
How ſhall we this impiety atone?
How oft have we blaſphem'd thy Name,
And ſaid, ſhe's humane frame?
Ah, dire Miſtake! in our dull acts of Senſe.

IV. 'Tis

IV.

'Tis true, thou hadſt a Body, but it was
Clearer than tranſparent Glaſs;
Through which thy Virtue did appear:
The gawdy pleaſure of the blooming Year,
Was never half ſo fair.
Ah, ungentile Diſeaſe! to take thee hence;
To crop this flower, e're 't cou'd enough diſpence
The ſweets of Wit, and ſolid fruits of Senſe.

V.

So does ſome God-like Hero walk among
The crowded preſſing of the Mortal throng:
Th' illiterate crowd knows not his real worth,
Or what immortal power brought him forth:
Sees not, through homely weeds, his Souls array;
Miſtakes his Heavenly Frame for common Clay.
Unprais'd, unenvy'd, for a time does roam,
'Till kinder Heaven does take the God-like Creature home.

VI.

She, like a Comet, was but ſhown;
A beauteous Comet in the glorious Skies,

To tell the World the Events of Fate;
The falls of Crowns, and overthrows of State:
But e're the Omens are entirely done,
See, in the dark, the Conſtellation dies!
Too bright for Mortal Eyes to gaze upon.

VII.

How ſoon the Good do ſpend their days?
How faſt their downy hours poſt along?
The Bad their Monuments do raiſe,
And fill their time with Mirth and Song.
Goodneſs and real worth one day can't give;
She from this lightſome world had never gone away,
If ſolid Virtue could have brib'd her ſtay:
For all that we call good or great,
In her aſſum'd a glorious Seat;
And with her too, I doubt they went,
Except ſome Female did their flight prevent.

VIII.

The Monſter Man long ſince has worn out
His rags of Virtue, which he did retain:
In Goodneſs weak, in Villanies grown ſtout;
He vows he'll ne're be good again.

Stupid

Stupid he lyes, and senseless in his Vice;
He shar'd the Fall in Sin, but not in Virtues Rise.
Woman alone does climb the Holy Hill;
But Man below remains a Devil still:
They ne're expect in Heaven a room,
Only good Poets and good Women thither come.

IX.

Blest Maid! once more accept my tuneless Verse,
Which does in link't proportion not agree;
No Poet ever trod this Path, no Woman ever liv'd like thee.
Rude and unthought, I must my grief express;
Soft Words and tuneful Notes were here unfit,
For Grief of Harmony cou'd ne're admit.

PART

PART II.

THE

Unfortunate SHEPHERD.

A

PASTORAL.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jonathan Greenwood*, at the *Black Raven* in the *Poultrey*. 1685.

Perſonæ.

Amoretta, A Nymph of the Country.
Ephelia, A ſcornful Lady of the City; deſcended from the Royal-Line, and come in diſguiſe into the Country.
Probá, Her Maid.

Corydon, A Shepherd.
Thyrſis, Another Shepherd, in Love with *Ephelia*.
Damætas, An old Herds-man.
Damon, A wealthy Shepherd.

THE

THE Unfortunate SHEPHERD. A PASTORAL.

Thyrsis and *Corydon*.

Cor. OUR Flocks beside yon' Mountain cooly graze,
And joyful bleatings Echo from the place;
The teaming Ewes to the cool shadows run,
And the soft Lambs avoid the scorching Sun.
Beneath this Hawthorn-Tree let us sit down,
And talk of pleasures we can call our own:

For

For the ſame Fate our roving Flocks does keep,
At once does aid the Shepherd, and his Sheep.

Thyr. There was time, indeed, when I cou'd ſing,
With charming Notes could ſtop the haſty Spring;
Talk of my pleaſures in the Myrtle ſhade,
Where the good Shepherds all ſupinely laid:
Made a reſounding Chorus, charm'd the Wood,
And, like lov'd *Orpheus*, ſtopt the liſt'ning Flood.
To entertain her honeſt civil Gueſt,
Nature her ſelf prepar'd a pompous Feaſt:
Sleep from the Graſs we took, Drink from the Flood,
Roſes Solves from the Hedge, and Wildings from the Wood.
Cool were the days, our Heads with Ivy Crown'd;
To each glad Swain a laſting Health went round:
But now, Alas! my pleaſing Joy is fled,
And Grief, reſiſtleſs Grief! come in its ſtead.

Cor. Now by that mighty God, whoſe Bleſſings can
Augment the jolly Fold, our mighty *Pan*;
If Love has made you ſad, your cruel grief
Shall from my ſollid comfort find relief.
If hurtful Seaſons have deſtroy'd your Fold,
Half of my Flock is at your ſervice told.

Thyr.

Thyr. My Flocks are healthful, and their number great,
The thriving Twins about their Mothers bleat.
No rave'nous Wolf of late has fill'd his Paws
With my young Lambs, or with 'em try'd his Jaws:
But angry *Cupid*—— Curſt be the Fatal Name!
Has fir'd my Breaſt with an Eternal Flame.
Ah! why ſhould Shepherds ſuch diſaſters prove?
Why ſhould mean Swains be plagu'd with melting Love?
Curſt be the Light, that uſher'd in the Day!
And Curſt theſe Eyes, that did my Heart betray!
Ah! *Corydon*, 'tis Love.

Cor. Love let it be:
'Tis Love that makes us like the Deity.
I know you 're young, in Lovers Art unskill'd;
What's one Man's pleaſure, has another kill'd.
You grieve for Love, which does my time devour,
And fills the empty ſpace of every hour.
Were't not for Love, I'd quit this World below,
And to the Tombs of ſenſeleſs Lovers go:
If after Death we 're empty ſhadows made,
Rather than not b' in Love, I'll court a Shade.

Happy's

Happy's that Man, whom Love does make its friend;
Does in his active Breaſt its gentle fire ſend.

Thyr. Wiſely you talk of Love, who never felt
The flame ſo long has in my boſom dwelt:
Fondly to Love at the extreameſt rate;
And to receive again Diſdain and Hate.
Witneſs, ye Heavens! how oft have I ſate down
On the cold Earth, and ſadly griev'd alone.
Sadly the Winds and Clouds above me fly;
But neither ſigh'd or wept ſo much as I.
The Floods that uſe'd in hollow murmurs groan,
Slid ſilent by, and pitied my ſad moan.
The neighb'ring *Philomel*, late loſt her young,
Fills not the Woods with a more mournful Song:
But yet for all the toilſome Love I've born,
I meet with cold neglect, and publick ſcorn.

Cor. Diſdain and Hate the Lover oft does prove;
Yet Hatred often turns to kindeſt Love.
Were ſhe a Goddeſs, and of Race Divine,
Her lofty Head ſhould ſtoop to *Cupid*'s ſhrine.
I tell thee, Shepherd, ſhe will ſoon relent;
And all her offer'd injuries repent.

She'll

She'll Love that Man she now disdains to own;
And like an humble suppliant stooping down,
On *Cupid*'s Altar, offer up a Prayer;
And for each angry Word, she'll shed a Tear:
Believe me, Shepherd, for I well do know,
The deepest mysteries of Love below:
Full Twenty years its Sacred Books I've read,
And of its force a long experience had.
Truft then to Love, for sure 'twill ne're disdain,
So blithe a Shepherd, and so good a Swain.

Thyr. Had you but seen, my *Corydon*, how she,
My cruel fair one, cast disdain at me;
You'd sink beneath the pressure of the pain:
No more with wonted Notes would fill the Plain.
In her hard Breast Disdain and Anger strove;
Just like the Thunder of Almighty *Jove*.
Lightning flew from her Eyes, a Bolt each Word;
And in my pensive Breast it loudly roar'd.
Ah! who can live, when angry Woman's skill,
With each disdainful Word, can silly kill?
I thought, when first I saw her, she had been,
A gentle *Nymph*, companion of the Green.
Good Gods! how well she Danc'd? How low she Bow'd?
And paid obeisance to the gazing Crowd?

Smil'd on each lovely Swain, and look'd such Words,
As kindeſt *Strephon* to his Dear affords.
Who could imagine Laurels would become
A ſcornful Nymph, Born at proudeſt *Rome*?
She boaſts her Worth, and *Rome*'s exalted place;
Her high-born Blood, and *Priam*'s mighty Race:
Vilely ſhe makes a Virtue of Diſdain,
And loaths the very name of Country Swain.
But yet, Alas! I 'm doom'd to Love her ſtill.
Cor. You 're led not by your Reaſon, but your Will;
Are there not Nymphs enough here of our own?
What need have we to court the ſtupid Town?
From Stinks and Pride, ignoble Povertie,
And all the Plagues damn'd Citizens do ſee,
Good God Almighty *Pan*, deliver me!
Take this fine Fool, has overcome thy Heart,
And home to the inglorious Town depart:
There hug thy Chains, thy painted Slaverie;
Damon and's *Chloe* ne're ſhall envy thee.
Thyr. Now kindeſt Fate to *Thyrſis* put an end;
I ne're ſhall gain my Love, yet loſe my Friend.

On

On me bestow your angry Bolts in store;
No wretched Mortal e're cou'd wish 'em more.
[*Exit.*

Amoretta and *Ephelia.*

Amor. Ho, *Corydon!* did not I meet *Thyrsis*?
Sure I did; and paler far he look't,
Than some dead Corps, that's carrying to its Cell.
What means it, *Corydon?* Is he in Love?
His Eyes look'd languid, and he walk'd along
Just like a shadow, or an empty Ghost.

Cor. How soon these Women find out Love's Disease?
Dear Nymph! did not you feel his Pulse,
Observe its Motion?

Amor. By *Pan*, I did not!

Cor. Yes sure; 'tis Love does grieve his troubled mind:
Restless he lies at Night, and all the Day,
With Groans and Sighs, he fills the wonted Plains:
He 'as broke his Pipe, and quite forgot to Sing;
There's nought of Man left in him but the Name.

Eph. We came not here to talk of Love, but Sport.
Where are the jolly Swains, must Dance the Ring?
And where the Bays, the Victor's Sacred Meed?

I long to see the nimble Youths unstrip,
And take their chosen Nymphs into their Hands.
But now we talk of Mirth, where's old *Damatas*,
My good adopted Father?

Damatas:

Dam. Here I am!
I must confess, I 'm Old and Feeble grown;
But yet my Mirth and Age encrease together:
Winter has seiz'd my Brow, but yet some heat
Informs my aged Breast: and though it cannot
Melt down my Snowy Hairs, and turn 'em black;
Yet I can Kiss as well as e're I could.

Fph. What! with that Beard so like a prickly Furz?
Sure it must be some wretch has bought her Grave,
And given Death its Fee already, that would take
Deucalion's Grand-Father to be her Bride.

Am. What pleasure can it be to Wed a Lout,
Whose only Exercise is Hunting Snails:
And their dull nimble course so far exceeds
Thy awkard Limbs, they've broke thy aged wind.

Dam. Well —— I will give you leave to jeer me too;
For 'tis the property of your weak Sex

To

To laugh at Age— But I would have you know,
But t'other day, I Danc'd at *Damon*'s Door,
And leap'd quite o're the Threſhold.

Eph. Had it any?

Amor. Did not you tumble o're, and make it paſs
For a good Leap?

Dam. Women and Fools are the worſt ſort of Cattel;
So head-ſtrong, ſo unruly, and ſo proud!
You ſcorn my grizly Hairs, my awkard Limbs:
Yet I muſt tell you, Nymph, I've been a Man,
Could Dance, and Sing a jolly Roundelay:
And though my Age has made me leave the ſport,
Yet I deſire it ſtill, and love to ſee
The bonny Youths and Wenches trip't away
Over the Green: You know not half the Mirth,
The gladſome pleaſure whileome I enjoy'd.
Here's my Friend *Corydon* does know full well:
He has ſeen me Dance, old as I am, and ſtood
Aſtoniſhed to ſee my Comick ſport.

Cor. By yonder Plain, I have! I've ſeen this Man,
For all his Age, Blithe as a Woman, Merry as a God.
Not long ſince he and I together meet,

(Where lov'd *Cayiſter* cuts its winding way)
Encamp'd upon the Plain, an Hoſt of Swains;
An Army, not deſign'd for Martial Work,
But all for Love. The amorous Ground
Gladly receiv'd us, and the hollow Vale,
As if grown covetous of what we Sang,
Lengthn'd in Echo's every charming Note.
Each River-God rais'd up a downy Wave:
On watry Chairs of State they proudly ſate;
And view'd with envious Eyes our homely Joy.
The River-Nymphs peep'd out their curled Heads
From amongſt the Reeds, and ſlunk them in again;
As if they griev'd to ſee themſelves out-done.
The nimble Satyrs all ſtood ſilent by,
Wondring to ſee ſuch things more ſwift than they;
And raging beat, with their cloven Feet, the Ground.
You know not half the Mirth we Country Swains enjoy.

Dam. No; if they did, they'd prize me more.

Eph. Sure, Father, what we ſay, we ſpeak in jeſt;
We honour your Grey Hairs; by *Pan*, we love you!
You are the Soul of Mirth, our only Joy.

Dam.

Dam. Then come, my Friends, this day is *Damon*'s Sheep-ſhear:
There you'll ſee acted all the joys we 're told:
Joys, that can make the meaneſt Shepherd Great;
Can baniſh Grief, and make damn'd Care retreat.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

The SECOND ACT.

Scene, Damætas's *House.*

Damætas and Servants.

Dama. GET all things ready, in due order plac'd:
Provide the Shears, and things to hold the Wool;
Bring the clean Sheep down to the leſſer Fold:
Drive thoſe, that lately came from the Waſh-Pool,
To yonder Sunny Bank, and let 'em dry.
Shear the Lambs firſt; and if their Fleece be wet,
Lay 'em on that quick Hedge, that *Phœbus* may
Beſtow his piercing heat, and melt 'em dry.
Then let the reſt provide the Feſtival:
And firſt, bring in the luſty Bacon-Chine
Of the great Hog, that whilome ſpoil'd the Peaſe;
And on the ſelf-ſame Diſh, on either ſide,
Serve up the two Red Cocks, that 'tother Day
Were Fighting at the Barn's Door: And bring
A piece of the Red Cow, with Coleworts boil'd:

And in another Diſh, two ſucking Piggs,
With Guts of Sage, and Bellies full of Bread;
With all the reſt of the good Country Fare.
Beſure to fill the Liquor well about;
And ſee the Beechen Bowl, that holds a Quart,
By each glad Swain be nimbly taken off.
Spare not the Sider, nor the Barley Juice;
Ceres and *Pan* will make all up again.

Corydon, Thyrſis, Amoretta, Damætas, Proba and Gueſts.

Dam. You 're kindly welcome, Friends! pray ſit you down
Upon this Hurdle; with what Mirth you can,
Diſſolve the coming hours in ſweeteſt joy,
Until ſuch time the pleaſant work is o're.
The Fleecy Sheep have ta'ne their Summer ſuits,
And ſtrip'd themſelves to Dance along with us.
[*Goes to the Work-men.*

Eph. Where am I now? Ye Gods! this *Sylvane* Scene
Proves your great Paradiſe but low and mean.
Too long the City toils, alas! too long,
Have I admired the dull inglorious throng!

Pardon,

Pardon, *Auguſtus*, I Blaſpheme thy Court,
Were't here with me, thou'dſt leave thy phancied ſport;
Quit thy poor Throne, thy ſelf a Shepherd make;
And for a Scepter, wouldſt a Sheep-Hook take.
Health to you all! Companions, ſtrive with me
To praiſe your Country life.

Thyr. So well agree,
Our Minds and Souls in this, that all alike,
One common Note our joyful Pipes will ſtrike.
This Hurdle is an Altar, Mirth our Prayer;
We Votaries, and you our *Venus* are;
Whilſt each glad Swain, as an unqueſtion'd due,
Shall pay his Oriſons to Love and You;
I'll ſit and feaſt mine Eyes, and crowd my Breaſt,
With the Idea of your Beauty bleſt.

Amor. Yonder's a ragged Cliff beſide the Plain,
The ſturdy limit of the boiſt'rous Main:
There every day in ſolitude I keep
Some nobler hours, and view the ſpacious deep.
Sometimes (the weather fair) my ſelf I pleaſe,
To ſee the Veſſels ſcim along the Seas,

With

With gawdy Prow, and no leſs gawdy Stern;
Gilt with the yellow glittering of the Morn;
Stem the proud Waves, and kiſs the amorous Flood;
Play with the Winds, then Anchor in the Road;
'Till ſcorching *Phœbus* from his reſt is come;
Shows his red Head, and hotly drives me home.
Cor. Yonder's a ſteepy Hill, where every day,
From my glad Flocks, I ſlily ſteal a way;
Sit on a Tuft of Graſs, and view the Plain,
The roving Flocks, and every roving Swain:
View here a loneſome Cottage, there a Grove;
Here a cloſe Wood, deſign'd for cloſer Love:
Yonder the Fields of Corn, producing Food;
And Meadows groaning underneath their load.
With greedy Eyes the Forreſt I ſurvey;
And thus in glorious Eaſe, I nobly ſpend the Day.
Thyr. By yonder Dome, there runs a purling Stream,
(The Cowherds Glory, and the Muſes Theam)
On whoſe ſoft Bank an aged Alder grows;
And ſtretcheth o're the Flood his ſpacious boughs.
A natural Arbor on its Trunk is made;
And its thick Leaves afford a ſecret Shade.

Some,

Sometimes its hanging Boughs ſtoop'd down, and wou'd
Take a ſoft kiſs from the tranſparent Flood.
Sometimes in it the neighb'ring *Halcyons* hung
Their brooding Neſts, and there bred up their young.
Here every day I come, and ſit me down,
And tell the groaning Flood my pitious moan.
I Carve my Miſtreſſes Name on every bough,
And charge the Flood to water't, make it grow:
Then to my loneſome Flocks, I back return,
And all the way her much-loath'd Croſſneſs mourn.

Dama. Heavens bleſs ye Swains! You well have prais'd the Life
We Country-Men enjoy; let ſolitude,
And Country eaſe, and noble Luxury
Inſpire each Swains immortal Breaſt, and make him
Tell to the *Urbane* Crowd his and their Miſeries.
I now defie all *Cæſars* gawdy Cockscombs,
To vye with us in pleaſure; who can boaſt
Of Days, and Months, and Years ſpent all in joy.
Care never here makes lean, but plump and full;
Swell'd up, like *Bacchus*, with the juice of Grape:
Grown ſtrong, as *Ceres*, with the ſtrength of Wheat.

This

This aged Head of mine ſcarce ever Ach'd;
Theſe Snowy Hairs are Time's ſlow Harbengers
Of Death; nor are they caus'd by anxious Grief,
But 'tis the effect of Nature: All muſt yield
To Fate. This Fourſcore years and Ten have I
Enjoy'd one laſting Scene of Mirth and Bliſs:
Not one ſad hour has intermix'd with Eaſe.
When Fate lets fall the Curtain, takes me hence,
Then every Swain ſhall weep, *Damatas* gone;
And ſay, He liv'd, he dy'd, a Jovial Swain.

Damon and Servants with the Feſtival.

Dam. Now are the Golden days of *Orpheus* come
Once more; Mirth is great, as triumphant
As e're it was; the *Grecian* Shepherds cou'd not
In olden times, boaſt of more Mirth than we.
Now all at once, our Sences ſhall be Feaſted:
Wine that's fin'd, not pal'd, ſhall pleaſe our Pallates:
The wholſome Country Food ſhall fill our ſtomachs:
The flowry Meeds and Lawns ſhall feaſt our Eyes;
And theſe young Swains ſhall Feaſt our liſt'ning Ears

With

With Muſick. Come Lads, begin the pleaſant Song,
Was whilcome ſung to *Cælia* on the Green.

[*They Sing.*

SONG I.

I.

ALL Hail, to fair Cælia! *for I will adore*
Not Venus *her ſelf, nor a Goddeſs no more:*
To Cælia, *to* Cælia *my Vows ſhall be paid;*
And all the Sacred Oaths, that Lovers have made.

II.

She makes Summer *to ſmile, and the* Winter *to thaw,*
And keeps the fierce courſe of Nature in awe.
The Melancholy Gods are made brisk by her Charms;
And languiſhing Mortals revive in her Arms.

III.

She ſits on the Bank, the Forreſt does view;
With her Roſie Mouth ſhe ſips of the Dew:
She gathers the Violet, and Roſe of the Field;
But none, as her ſelf, ſuch Rich Incenſe can yield.

IV. *She*

IV.

She never is Cruel, nor never Unkind;
No Angry Thought perplexeth her Mind:
Then who wou'd complain of the Chains of her Love,
When every Link a Cupid *does prove?*

Dametas Sings.

SONG II.

I.

BY the side of a Mountain, my dwelling shall be
In an old hollow Tree;
With age, with age grown rusty as I.
With a hole for a Window, from whence I survey,
The neighb'ring Groves, where every day
The amorous Nymphs, and Shepherds do play.
Thus warm and still,
In my close wooden shell,
Secure from Storms and Tempests I lye.
The sullen old Scrub,
That dwelt in a Tub,
Was never so Merry, so Merry as I.

II. *On*

II.

On a Pipe as old as my ſelf I Play:
When ſome good Lady Mag-pye, or Miſtreſs Jay,
Reſort to my boughs for ſhade,
I ſtrike up a Serenade,
And fright my Gueſts away.
In my hollow old Tree you would wonder;
My Muſick roars like Thunder:
Secure from Storms and Tempeſts I lye.
The ſullen old Scrub,
That dwelt in Tub,
Was never ſo Merry, ſo Merry as I.

III.

Here free from Care, and Kingly diſaſters;
From chiding of Servants, and pleaſing of Maſters.
I'm a Common-wealth alone,
Mounted on a Wooden Throne:
I'd enjoy more Peace than on a Golden one.
My Kitchin, my Parlour, and Chappel's together;
Where I Pray, and I Banquet, and keep from the Weather.

Full

Full fraught with Pleaſure, my hours I keep,
And in the Night ſeaſon ſupinely I ſleep:
And thus undiſturb'd, I quietly lye.
The ſullen old Scrub,
That dwelt in a Tub,
Was never ſo Merry, ſo Merry as I.

Cor. May every day be like to this! and may
What we have ſpoke and ſung, be well receiv'd!
Receiv'd, as a Tribute due to *Pan*.
May blooming youth always adorn our Brows!
And active Blood ſtill circle in our veins!
May Manly Heat our noble Spirits ſway!
May you, bleſt Nymphs, always be freſh and fair;
Clear as the Spring, and brighter than the Noon,
Chaſt as the Morn, and ſilent as the Night!
May you for ever Live, for ever be
Tall as Cedar, laſting as the Yew.

Eph. And henceforth, may the Shepherds always thrive!
May every Ewe bring forth a pair of Lambs!
May hurtful Seaſons ne're moleſt your Flocks,
Nor rav'nous Wolf tear the young tender Kid!

Amor. All the kind bleſſings that the Gods have laid

On Mortals, light on you! May all your Life
Be one continued Scene of Bliſs and Joy!

Damet. But now the Nightly Seaſon haſteth on,
And trav'ling *Phœbus* to his reſt is gone.
The Evening Toads from watry Marſhes croak,
And yonder Villages begin to ſmoak.
Their young ones to the Rooſt the Partridge call;
And larger ſhadows from the Mountains fall.
Let us go home, and ſleep until the Morn;
Riſe with the Light, and with the Day return.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

The

The THIRD ACT.

Ephelia ſola.

Eph. HOW I have been deceiv'd? Who could have thought
That Ruſticks liv'd ſo well? Our gawdy Town,
With all its Monuments and Statues deck'd,
And all its glittering Pageants, never look'd
Half ſo beautiful, ſo gay and great
As yonder Village.
Surely the *Gods* have ta'ne poſſeſſion here:
This is the Seat of the Ætherial Race.

Thryſis.

Thyr. All alone! I'll enjoy a little more
Of her Scorn.
[*To her*] Fair Maid, I hope you'll pardon the ſurpriſe;
You know my Meſſage by my languid Eyes.
Cupid has led me to this lonely Grove,
And charg'd me here perform the Dues of Love:
To you, my better Soul! my Love impart;
Give you my Hand, and offer up my Heart.

Eph. Far be't from me, your Love to entertain!
And Heaven guard me from the Monſter *Man!*
Who open Falſehood and Deceit does ſhow,
Though ſlily cover'd in Love's Name does go.

Thyr. My Modeſty's an Argument to prove,
How ignorant I am in Arts of Love:
How oft have I your Beauty prais'd, and ſaid,
You are the beſt, the only lovely Maid?
When e're you Danc'd, amazed I ſtood by,
And at each gentle ſtop, I drop'd a ſigh!
My Groans went faſter than your Feet, and prov'd
To all the Company how much I Lov'd.
Oft when you roſe, in the ſame place I lay'd,
And kiſs'd the print your lovely Body made.
Heaven knows how much this Paſſion me has vext;
Firſt to avoid, and to diſſemble it next,
Has prov'd a task ſo exquiſitely great,
A worſe even Fate it ſelf, could not create.
Had ſome ſiniſter end my Paſſion mov'd,
I e're this time had told how much I Lov'd.
My Love, like Fire pent in a narrow hole,
Whoſe limits does its threatning Rage controul,
Which while but warm, glowing and quiet lay;
Now heated quite, breaks the weak bands away

Sooner

Sooner may Ships on tumbling Surges reſt,
Than Love in my no leſs diſturbed Breaſt.
Winds may forget to roar, and Storms to flie,
E're this griev'd Breaſt ſhall be unlearn'd to ſigh.

Eph. Well; ſince you do ſuch mighty dangers prove,
For your reward I give you leave to Love.
For being Lov'd why ſhould we Women chide?
The *Gods* are Lov'd, and ſo we're *deify'd*.
Then Love me ſtill; but Love me as a Friend.

Thyr. You grant the Means, but you deny the End.
Such Love I always to my Sex do give:
But you, my *Miſtreſs*, ſhould more Love receive.

Eph. Your Miſtreſs! *Cockscomb*, is your Pride ſo great?
This the ambition of a mean Retreat?
How well my Silks and your courſe Weeds agree?
Have I been Born to be enjoy'd by thee?
Is that foul Mein of thine a Match for me?
Whoſe noble Birth each God-like Poets ſing,
Sprung from an antient Race of mighty Kings:
Sooner may Graſs on the wild Ocean grow,
And *Tyber* to its Streams may backward flow,
Rome Wed with yonder Village, Ladies court
Their bulky Foot-men, and with Pages ſport:

E're I to thee, mean Swain! can Wedded be.
Thyr. So well your Pride and High-born Blood agree.
If to your antient Race you proudly flie;
My Father was a Shepherd, ſo am I.
On yonder Hill his hundred Flocks he led;
And on yon' Hillock laid his drouſie Head.
The Gods for Maſterdom have often ſtrove;
Yet *Pan* always out-vy'd poor Bankrupt *Jove*.
Let *Rome* to Ruines be entirely thrown;
And vaſt Deſtruction writ on every Stone!
Curſe on your gawdy Crew!
Home to my Arms, my lovely fair one, flie:
On this ſtill conſtant Breaſt ſecurely lie.
Falſe Oaths and broken Vows ſurround the Town,
Their impious Hands pull Virtues Statues down
Try once our Country pleaſure, eaſie Bliſs;
You know not what a thing a Shepherd is.
Eph. The pleaſures of your Life I well approve;
But not one word, I charge you, more of Love.
When with theſe joys I've ſatisfi'd my mind,
I may perhaps advance, and then prove kind.
But if your Love does always thus drop down,
'Twill make my Heart as hard as any Stone;

And

And then your Words, and deep-fetch'd Sighs are vain:
'T will only ſerve to Echo 'em back again.
But ſtay; I hear ſome noiſe! for once, adieu.
[*Exit.*

Corydon and *Damætas.*

Damæ. Ha! Here's my *Thyrſis!*
Thyr. Father!
Damæ. Son!
Methinks thou look'ſt like ſome old Rural God:
The happy Off-ſpring of our mighty *Pan*;
Woods to the Fields, or Verdure to the Woods,
Are not a greater Ornament, than thou to Men.
Thou know'ſt how 'tis to Live; how 'tis to ſteal
A glorious life from the inglorious Throng:
Is not that Grove thy planting? Sure it is!
It looks as if ſome happy Hand had ſet it.
When *Cæſar*'s Statues ſhall grow old and ruſty,
Then this thy Verdant Grove ſhall flouriſh ſtill.
When thou art dead, it ſhall beſtow green Laurels,
As ſignals of thy laſting memory.
Cory. If any are Immortal, ſure 'tis we!
On yonder Mountain great *Alpheſebſeus*
Cut his lov'd Name; and ſtill the gentle Ground

Retains the mark for each good Swain to read.
The wandring Sheep when o're the place they go,
Forbear to eat it, that it ſtill may grow.

Dama. In yonder Wood, there ſtands an aged Tree,
In which is carv'd the mighty *Orpheus* Name,
For many hundred years ago, and ſtill
'Tis legible.
Happy the Tree that bears it, for 't has giv'n,
An Immortality, a laſting Verdure;
And ſure his *Pipe* lies buried thereabouts;
For every day the Airy *Choriſters*,
Do thither come, a Heavenly Conſort make.
Here *Philomel* does need no wakeful Thorne
To ſpur her Breaſt; nor can ſhe ſleep a Nights,
But always quavers out her *Tereus* Song.

Thyr. May I ſee henceforth nought but Woods and Plains!
May Shepherds be my Company! And may
We all be Merry!
And may theſe Eyes never behold the Court;
The boiſterous Deep, or the tempeſtuous Main;
The frightful Rock, or the Death-threatning Sands!

[Damætas *Sings*

SONG.

SONG.

I.

THen hail ye Shepherds! free from Cares,
Free from Paſſions, free from Fears!
Phillis *Loves, and* Phillis *may*
A greater Bliſs to us convey,
Than what painted Sylvia *brings,*
To the coſtly Bed of Kings.

II.

Kings are Gods; ſo let them be;
Still they're from my Envy free.
We can ſport, and ſpend the Nights,
In no leſs undiſturb'd delights.
A calm Voyage we can prove,
O're the Helleſpont *of Love.*

III.

The Beechen Bowl no poiſon hath:
'Tis Gold and Silver make up Death.

Behind

Behind theſe Walls no Bullies *ſlide;*
'Tis Arras does the Traytor *hide.*
No wanton She was here Embrac'd:
At Court no Woman e're prov'd Chaſt.

IV.

Virtue here, in pomp Array'd,
Is the Beauty of each Maid.
No Ornaments but homely Stuff,
Serves to ſet poor Phillis *off:*
Yet as fair, as ſweet ſhe's ſeen,
As the Beauteous Paphian *Queen.*

V.

Then hail ye Shepherds! free from Cares,
Free from Paſſions, free from Fears!
Hail ye Nymphs! as kind as Day,
Fair as Spring, *and ſweet as* May!
Your old Damætas *ſtill ſhall raiſe*
A living Structure to your Praiſe.

Thyr. We thank you, Father.

Cor. How well he Sings! Sure he grows young again!

He

He, like the *Snake*, has caſt his antient Skin,
Has ta'ne a new, and Youth together with it.
Pray, Father, what's your Age?

Dame. Not quite an Hundred.

Thyr. Almoſt.

Dame. Yes,
The yonder Grove, and I were born together.
That aged Oak, I well may call my Brother;
In the ſame Day my Father ſet us both.

Cory. And you're grown up together too.

Dame. Some Snowy Hairs have ſeiz'd my aged Head,
And Moſs, the Hair of Wood, has ſeiz'd its ſtock:
I know not but I may ſurvive it.

Thyr. Were I as you, I'd cut it down, and make
A luſty fire of its ſpacious Boughs,
To warm my chilly Limbs in Winter.
E're I did die, I would not leave a branch
In any Wood ſhould bear a longer date
Than I.

Dame. No; let Poſterity enjoy the fruit
Of former Ages Labour; by it we're made
Immortal.

Through

Through countleſs Ages ſhall it ſtill be ſaid,
This *Damon* ſet, and this *Damatas* planted.
Live ſtill ye Woods! and ſpread your flouriſhing Arms!
Grow 'till you make a ſolitude beneath
Your Boughs, 'till ye exclude the Light,
And you become an Umbrage for the Deer,
The timerous Hare, the Fox, and Evening Wolf.
Grow, till ye be a ſhelter for the Swains,
A ſhade in Heat, and Covert from the Storm.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

The

The FOURTH ACT.

Ephelia and *Amoretta*.

Eph. HE's the plague of my Life!

Am. How you blaſpheme the Sacred Deity?
Ungrateful wretch! whom Love might well diſown.
Is that a plague, God *Cupid* has ordain'd,
The great perfection of our humane Race?
Of Harmony and Love our Souls are made;
And who hath neither, was by Fate deſign'd
To be the laughing-ſtock of humane kind.
A thing ſo near a Beaſt, but juſt the ſhape
Does make the difference.

Eph. Love is indeed a Paſſion great and good,
And what the Gods ſo lovingly have given,
Should not ſo careleſsly be thrown away:
We hoard our Jewels up in Cabinets.

Am. A better Cabinet can ne're be found
Than the kind Breaſt of him adores your Name.

Eph. That homely rotten Cheſt would quite diſgrace,

So

So Sacred Reliques as Immortal Love.
The Smoaky Chimny of his Breaſt could ne're
Adorn ſo pure a flame as mine.

Am. But then your Love might be an Ornament
To his mean Breaſt.

Eph. 'Twould look juſt like a Canvaſe Coat,
That's lace'd with Gold, and line'd with Velvet.

Am. So much the better.
The White ſhows more delightful, when 'tis near
The Black. The tranſparent Taper never looks
Half ſo bright as in the Dark.

Eph. Well; when I Wed a Swain may Night be Day,
And all the courſe of Nature backward run.
May the fix'd Orbe a local Motion have,
And travel round the World with the Sun:
The Spheres deſcend and Sing my Marriage Song.

Am. Bravely reſolved! but Blaſphemouſly ſpoken!

Eph. No! I love my ſelf too well.
Were theſe Hands ever made to hold a Crook?
I phancy it a pleaſant ſight to ſee
Me driving home a drove of Milking Cows.
My Husband, Clown, juſt following at my heels;

Whiſtling

Whiſtling a lamentable Tune, all clad
In Leather, ruffling and noiſy, like the Wind.
Am. A very fine deſcription of a Swain!
Eph. Then to the low thatch'd Cottage we are come;
And all the Houſhold there is one great Dog,
And three ſmall bawling Children.
Am. Very well joyn'd!
Eph. Then down I ſit me by the Dun-Cows ſide,
And with my tender Hands I Milk her clean.
Can I leave all my glorious Pomp, my ſelf demean?
I, who have known the pleaſures of the Court,
Change all my former glory; meanly take
A homely Cottage, for a gawdy Pallace?
Say, Nymph, I do but what is rational?
Am. So you ſay:
But what is all your boaſted City Joy;
The fulſome pleaſure does your Senſes cloy?
Are not theſe homely Cotes, this Rural ſhade,
A better Covert than a Maſquerade?
Free from all tricks of Court we quiet reſt;
And talk of Summer joys cloſe in our Winter Neſt.
Eph. And may you there ſtill reſt, unenvy'd be,
At leaſt no great ambition work in me!

To

To Savage Woods, and Desart Caves I'll go,
When madness in my Breast does overflow:
Too well the City pomp and worth I know.
Secure, like Bees, we slumber in our Hive;
On Summer Honey we in Winter live:
Nor need we buzz about to every Bower,
And Plunder here, and there a Flower;
Rob all the Gardens, and each fruitful Soil;
Get little sweets with industry and toil.
Home to our very doors does Plenty come,
And begs admittance, prays to find a home.
We spend the day in ravishing delights;
Good Books, and better Friends, dissolve the Nights.
Each Man an Angel seems, each Prince a God;
Each Woman fair, each Maid divinely good:
Free from the Stormy Winters hurtful noise,
We bathe in Pleasure, and we swim in Joys.

Am. And what are gawdy Joys, that do create
In Men no more but Envy, Pride and Hate?
What the adored Monster, that is born
To publick Praise, the wise call, publick Scorn?
By Nature, not by Art we're understood:
Our Youths are born both beautiful and good.

Spring

Sprung like a Pine-Tree up, a Youth does riſe;
In Spring grows wanton, and in Winter wiſe:
In middle Age is ſtrong, at length appears,
An old *Plebeian* of an Hundred Years.
Gray Hairs about his Head like Laurels grow,
And down his Shoulders in grave branches flow:
Sure Emblems all of Wit; and then, to crown
His other joys, in Death he lays him down
Eaſy and ſoft, without or Ach or Pains,
Departs to Shepherds on the *Elyſian* Plains.

Eph. So in the Town a Youth begins his days,
Is born in Triumph and begot with Praiſe;
Grown up in Honor, and his Age to crown,
He wears his griſly Hairs with much Renown;
Does ſpeak in Halls, at Council-Boards debate,
And wiſely manages Affairs of State.
If the ſhrill noiſe of *Mars* reſounds from far,
Our Youth takes up the Iron Robes of War
March out Death-threatning Warriors, and then come
Loaden with Praiſe and Earthly Honors home.
Of Glory's Meed, and *Hero*'s Name he'll miſs,
Who ſeeks for Honor where no Action is.

Am. And yet these wondrous great, these wandring Elves,
Know much of others, yet know not themselves:
To Fame's chief Pinacle they proudly rise,
Grow often Great but seldom they grow Wise.
Nature can teach what Arts could never do.
Adieu! here's *Thyrsis!* [*Exit.*

Eph. She'as left me! nay betray'd me too!
Here's the tormentor of my Life already come:
False Woman!

Thyrsis.

Ho, *Thyrsis!*

Thyr. Nymph!

Eph. Shepherd?

Thyr. Would I were your Shepherd!
I know, I am the Man that Loves you dearly;
And were your Love but half so great as mine,
I had not spent so many tedious Nights, and lain
Speechless, nay almost breathless on the ground.
I, since the time I saw you, have not slept;
Sometimes indeed I Dream'd, still Dream'd of you.
Before my Eyes methought I saw you stand:
Fair as you are, methought you then look'd kind;

And

And smiling said, My *Thyrsis*, Come let's go
To yonder Bower, for *Thyrsis* I am thine:
My nimble sleepy feet began to move;
At which I wak'd, and found 'twas but a Dream.
Had you but seen, how then I tore my Hair!
Curst the deluding Vision that was gone!

Eph. Why, Shepherd? Love is nothing but a Dream:
Nothing of solid worth does crown its praise;
'Tis but the raging Calenture of Minds.
Some Mad-man first invented it, and made
It fashionable; at Court it got a Name
For a fit thing to please sick Ladies phancies:
Trick'd up in Complement, set off with Cringes
And modish postures, adorn'd with Tears and Sighs,
The wind of falsest Hearts to raise compassion.
It grew so much in custom, each was thought
An Ass, that was no Madman, not in Love.
The Court thus cloy'd with all its foolery,
Poor bankrupt Love, sought out another seat,
And plac'd it self in the fresh Country Air:
The gentle breezes of one bloomi Spring
Made the old tatter'd Bawd look young again.

Swallows themſelves were not more welcome made
Than this old Hag, a Minion ſhe was thought,
Each Swain admir'd the Mines of her Face;
And Love was all the Talk and all the Song.
The Pipe could play nought but of Love; the Voice
Could ſound nothing but Love; all day the Plains,
The unfrequented Woods with Love was fill'd,
The lovely *Cloris*, charming *Phillis* fill'd
The Mouth of every Swain; nay ſomtimes 'twould
Make 'em miſtake, and call their Flock and Herds
By name of Miſtreſs:
Nay by the Fire ſide in Winter-Nights,
Inſtead of Tales of Sprights and Fairies,
And dreadful great Hob-goblins, Love did make
All the Diſcourſe; each Swain told of his Dear;
He prais'd her Beauty, or how well ſhe Danc'd;
Her kindneſs, or the Dowry her Father left.
I tell thee, Shepherd, Love is but a Name.
Go tell thy Sheep, and Hurdle up thy Fold;
And leave theſe fooleries to Babes and Women.

Thyr. Yes, I could leave them there, were but ſure
They'd be accepted. Love is the thing I'd give

To you a Woman, but falſe as you are fair,
Much better had I ſpeak to Rocks and Stones;
Mountains have more relenting Hearts than Women;
Tygers are born to more Humanity;
And Wolves more kindneſs ſhew unto their Kind.

Eph. Sure the Man's mad! How he raves?

Thyr. If Love be Madneſs, then I am grown mad!
And, ſure, 'tis Madneſs!

Eph. I am no Company
For mad Men: Adieu! I'll never ſee you more!
[*Exit.*

Thyr. She's gone!

Damætas.

Damæt. From whence that Groan, good *Thyrſis?*

Thyr. The Nymph juſt left me! She ſaid, She'd never ſee
Me more.

Damæt. And do'ſt thou groan for that?
I'll tell thee, Man, My noble Breaſt has always Joy;
And yet I never care to ſee a Woman.

Thyr. Your aged Breaſt, which Winter's Froſt has hardn'd,

How can it melt? But I, whom Youth and Heat
Inſpire; I, who could bid Defiance once
To Love, am all in Flame!

Damæt. And may'ſt thou burn!
Who, if thou would'ſt apply but juſt one Drop
Of Reaſon, 'twould quench th' impetuous Flame.

Thyr. I have try'd it.

Damæt. Is 't not a glorious Sight to a Youth
Handſom and ſtrong, a Maſter-piece of Nature,
One that might win the Garland in the Dance,
Or take the Standard in the Martial Field;
To ſee this Man, with folded Arms, and languid Eyes,
Look like a Changeling, talk of nought but Love,
And Nymphs, and Beauty, and ſuch idle Stuff!

Thyr. And yet the Beſt have done ſo?

Damæt. The beſt of Fools, I muſt confeſs!

Thyr. When Friends augment, and She diſdains to own
My Grief; 'tis time, I think, to die alone.
When She will never to my Love ſubmit;
When Love deſerts me, muſt I flie from it?
'Tis vain th' approaching Deſtiny to ſhun;
I'll meet my Ruin, to its Embraces run. [*Exit.*

Damæt.

Damet. There went a Lover!
Now, to good Drink, and Friends, I'll get me gone;
Sport by the Day, and revel by the *Moon:*
Love never ſhall deny my aged Breaſt
The Sweets of Mirth, and ſolid Hours of Reſt.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

The FIFTH ACT.

Damætas and *Corydon.*

Damæt. NOW for a Scene of Bliſs, an Age of Joy,
Contracted in the narrow Hours of a Day:
Let us now uſe our Mirth, as dying Men
Do their laſt Gaſp; catch, with an eager Joy,
Our parting Pleaſure. Mirth we may have again;
But yet, we are not certain. Fate may retrieve
Its old Decree: Mirth is not always Man's;
We muſt ſubmit to Fate. A doleful Hour
Muſt interpoſe. The Day is now our own;
Then let us uſe it: Hugg the downy Hours,
Court 'em to ſtay; and, if they will be flying,
Then we'll Contemplate on the Joys we've had.

Cory. The yonder Dome is a ſubſtantial Place
For Pleaſure; there lives an aged Woman,
Knows much of Joy; ſhe knows true ſolid Pleaſure:
Let that be our Retreat. Never was Day
Spent in more Mirth; Never were Shepherds

So

So gameſom, as we'll be! This joyful Day
To future Ages ſhall be told.

Amoretta, *Proba*, and *Nymphs*, Weeping.

Ha! They weep! What angry Planet reigns?
Say, beauteous Maids, From whence proceed your Tears?

Am. Would Grief would give me leave to ſpeak!

Cory. Now, I conjure you, by our Mighty *Pan*,
Tell us this diſmal News?

Am. Thyrſis is ſlain! Slain by himſelf!

Cory. Oh, my *Thyrſis!*

Damat. Did not we talk of Joy? How ſoon 'tis gone?
Where's now our Scene of Bliſs, our promis'd Joy?
We may decree what e're we pleaſe, below;
If Heav'n think otherwiſe, it ſhan't be ſo.
Ah, wretched Mortals! in uncertain State,
Govern'd by the Almighty Hand of Fate!
How ſoon our Hopes are turned to Deſpair,
And all our Joys dwindled to Wind and Air?

But

But ſince we cannot with our Death contend,
Let us endeavour then to mourn our Friend.

Cory. That Work may juſtly, Swain, to you belong:
This is a Subject for a Skilful Tongue.
Whil'ſt you his *Requiem* ſing, let others come,
With mournful Cypreſs to adorn his Tomb.

Damæt. Thyrſis was once the Joy of all the Plain;
The Lovely *Thyrſis*, the Renowned Swain!
True to his Gods, and Faithful in his Vows;
Conſtant to all the Terms that Faith allows.

Cory. And yet ill-natur'd Death has took him hence!
What was it did thy mighty Rage inſence?

Damæt. No more his wand'ring Sheep! he never will
Behold 'em grazing on the ſteepy Hill!
Nor that Green Den ſhall never more receive
The joyful Sound his gladſom Pipe did give.

Cory. Surely, his Tuneful Pipe could Wit inſpire;
It far out-did the Strings of *Orpheus* Lyre.
Ah! Would to God, he had bequeath'd to me
His Pipe, tho' tuneleſs, for a Legacy!

Damæt.

Damat. Were't Dumb and Tuneleſs, yet it would rejoyce;
The Thoughts of him, would ſure inſpire a Voice.

Cory. Not Beauteous *Venus* e're lamented more
Her lov'd *Adonis*, ſlain by Savage Boar;
Than we will mourn our *Thyrſis* o're the Hills,
While our ſad Note the empty Valley fills.

Damat. Speak to the Raging Sea, and bid it tell
To all the Rivers, how lov'd *Thyrſis* fell;
Tell it to *Tyber*, and to *Thame's* fair Stream;
And let *Cayiſter's* Swans lament with them!

Cory. Nay, let the Winds too, with 'em bear a part;
They, like his Lover too, can ſigh without an Heart.

Damat. But now, let us an happier Morning chuſe:
Go, Publiſh to the World the direful News.

[*Exeunt.*

Ephelia.

Eph. Why ſo ſad, Nymph?

[*Am.*

Am. Don't ye know, *Thyrsis* is slain?

Eph. Yes.

Am. And don't you know, that he dy'd for you?

Eph. I know, they say so: But if so he did,
He dy'd a Fool: 'Tis more than I will do for him.
But, How dy'd he, Nymph?

Am. Down to a Melancholy Grove he went;
Thrice on the Ground he laid him down, and wept;
Then sigh'd, then tore his Hair!

Eph. Very pitiful!

Am. Open'd his Breast, invok'd *Ephelia*'s Name;
Took out his Poniard, strook it to his Heart:
The last Word e're he spake, was, *Ephelia!*

Eph. Indeed, I'm much beholding for his kindness,
To speak of Me, when his Life was so concern'd.
But, Is he Dead, tho'?

Am. Wou'd She that Kill'd him, were so Dead!

Eph.

Eph. Ah, Love! Thou Child of Folly, Babe of Madneſs!
Parent to all Diſorder! Brother of Diſtraction!
If ever I do own thy Deity,
May I become as Falſe, as Mad, as Thee!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Quinti.

A DIS-

A DISCOURSE OF LIFE.

IT is not my intent to make a Philoſophical Diſcourſe of Life; neither ſhall I endeavour to invent a ſtratagem to prolong it: to a Wiſe-Man it is not ſo deſirable, and none but a Mad-Man would beſtow Coſt and Pain in adorning an Inn, in which he muſt tarry but for a Night. Whether thoſe things Phyſitians call *Radical Moiſture*, and *Natural Heat* are any thing, or nothing, I know not; and whether they are incapable of ſolid Reparation, I ſhall not ſtand to examine. But of this I am ſure, That the Lamp of my Life ſhall burn as long as it has any matter to work

work upon; and if a puff of denouncing Fate ſhall blow it out before its Oyl be quite ſpent, I have no reaſon to be angry; but rather to bleſs the kind blaſt, that wafts me to the ſerenity of Darkneſs. I ſhall not fill my Diſcourſe with the unfathomable words of *Deſeccation*, *Arefaction*, *Alimentation*, *Bodies tangible*, and *Pneumatical*, the Glory of the *Phyſitians*; words as ridiculous as their Practice is poor; But my intent is only to diſcourſe of the Happineſs of Life. Though Mortality be writ on the Fore-head of all our Enjoyments, and we know that this Garland of Mirth one Sun does produce, another ſhall wither; yet how apt are we to bleſs our ſelves under the Umbrage of our Verdant Gourd, unmindful of the envious Worm that ſculcks at the bottom, and will ſoon eat down the pleaſure of it. Our Life is ſo uncertain, and the happineſs of it ſo unconſtant, that we can only tell that we live; and that there is ſuch a thing as Happineſs. Some Pleaſure there is, but it is mixed with Miſery; we have ſome Honey that 'tis alloy'd with Gall; ſome livid

lucid Intervals, ſome gentle gales of Mirth and Eaſe; but ſoon a black Cloud of Fate does intervene. We are all the Balls of Fortune; ſome ſhe unfortunately throws into the Hazzard, and others ſhe bandies about at her pleaſure: But to a Man of Reſolution, all things are alike: He's neither puff'd up with Plenty, nor diſcontented with Want; He values not the praiſe of Fools, nor the frowns of Knaves; He can deſpiſe what the Great call Good; The Viciſicutedes, and changes of Fortune are no more to him than the Change of the Moon: Certainly there is no better Antidote againſt an exorbitant deſire of the World, than a generous Contempt of its Pleaſures. What wiſe Man would court the ruined Beauties of an old weather-beaten World? What Symetry or Proportion is there in its Features? What Votary did it ever make Eternally Rich? What Admirers did it ever make happy? I had rather be the Servant of *Ariſtotle* or *Pythagoras*, than the Heir of *Midas*. *Apuleius* his Golden Aſs, is the exact Emblem of a great Man. Happineſs is no more

consistent with Superfluity, than it is with Penury. Content is a greater stranger to the Palace, than 'tis to the Cottage. Pyramids and Spires of Steeples are rent by the Thunder-bolt, when the low Houses remain untouch'd. The lofty Hills are cloathed with Barrenness, while the humble Valleys rejoyce in their Plenty. If there be any thing Great below, 'tis a Nobleness of Mind: If there be any Grandeur, 'tis Virtue: If there be any Happiness, 'tis Wisdom. Virtue is a Sacred *Amulet*, who ever wears it, is secured from the stings of Serpentine Greatness. Figure to your self a Virtuous Man, though Poor; how well he becomes the meanest condition? he looks like a transparent Taper in a gloomy Night; like a Jewel amongst a heap of Rubbish and Stones: Though he chuses his Seat upon the Earth, his Mind is employ'd above the Clouds; like the Poetick Birds, who sing on the tops of Trees, though their Nest be in the Hedge. It shews more of a generous and Heroick temper, to contemn the grandeur of the World, than to desire it. The greatest

greateſt Spirits that ever bleſt the World with their Memory, have done it. A better ſight it was to ſee *Scipio* retired into a Wood, after all his Conqueſts, than to behold him at the head of his Army. *Epaminondas*, the beſt Man that ever *Greece* bred, who delivered his Country of *Thebes* from the *Lacedemonian* Slavery, whoſe Conqueſts could have lifted him to the higheſt pitch of Pride and Profit; yet was he ſuch a Contemner of Riches, that when he died, he left not enough behind him to defray his Funeral Charges. Natural Reaſon can eaſily diſcover how much they are miſtaken in Happineſs, who place it in Wealth, and outward Grandeur. What the chiefeſt Felicity is, cannot eaſily be determin'd; but of this we are ſure, That it is hard to be obtain'd. We may truly ſay of Happineſs, That Philoſophers ſeek it, Divines find it, and only Religious Men enjoy it. The chiefeſt Felicity, by the excellent *Boethius*, is defined to be *Status omnium bonorum aggregatione perfectus*; a State perfect in the confluence of all good

things: A ſtate certainly not attained by any in this Life. All that Men call Good may be reduced to theſe Three heads, Either the Goods of Fortune; the Goods of the Mind; or the Goods of the Body. But where ſhall we find one Man that enjoys 'em all? We ſee we purchaſe one by the loſs of the other. If I am Rich, and great in Fortune, yet I may want a greatneſs of Mind: If I am Beautiful, Rich, and Learned, yet I may be too Bookiſh, and want a complaiſant Humor to render me agreeable. Had *Methuſalem* lived to this Age, 'tis like he might have acquired theſe accompliſhments; but our Age is too ſhort to admit of 'em.

Da ſpatium vitæ! multos da Jupiter *annos!*
Give many Years, good God! and laſting Life!

is the Prayer both of Old and Young. Though Life be indeed ſo Calamitous and troubleſome, that were we capable of

of knowing what it is before we enjoy it, none would venture on ſo tedious a Fatigue: Yet do we naturally deſire our Lives to be lengthn'd out, though our Miſery encreaſe with it. As a Man is a Creature, he is Mortal; as he is Rational, he is Miſerable: For his Reaſon is but the Uſher to introduce his Miſery, and the Perſpective through which he beholds his trouble. Whoever expects to have an entire Happineſs here, may expect to ſee the Orbes move irregularly; Rivers flow back to their Fountains, and Rivulets command the Ocean. The moſt we can enjoy, is but a Scene of Bliſs; Fate will change the Scene, let down the Curtain, and put an *Exit* to our phancied Joys. Why then ſhould we court a Shadow we cannot hold? and be deſirous of a Good that depends only upon the imagination? For certainly there is no other Happineſs here, but what is phancied; we ſooth our ſelves with hopes of future Joys, and Paint what the Wiſe call Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, like the Statue of Pleaſure. Well then, if Life does afford

no Happineſs that is real, let us expect it at Death; certainly there 'tis to be found, according to that of *Ovid*,

——*Sed ultima ſemper*
Expectanda dies homini eſt, dicique beatus,
Ante obitum nemo, ſupremaq; Funera debet.

Which Mr. *Sands* very excellently Tranſlates.

But Man muſt cenſur'd be by his laſt hour:
Whom truly we can never happy call
Afore his Death, and cloſing Funeral.

Indeed there is no better way to underſtand the Vanity of Life, than the Contemplation of its contrary, Death: Death, that frees us from the Miſeries of Life; that removes us from the diſtraction of Noiſe and Tumult; that delivers us from the Fetters of Diſeaſes, and Laſhes of Pain. Sleep, which is the image of Death, how grateful, how refreſhing is it to a Natural Body? When I am aſleep, I am in the Land of Forgetfulneſs; happily

happily buried in a pleaſing ſilence; my Soul for that time is, as it were, removed from its troubleſome companion, the Body: Oblivion has ſeiz'd on all my Paſſions; all my Pains and Aches are ſtill and quiet: What a Tranquility then muſt attend Death, which is Sleep in the higheſt degree, Sleep in its perfection? When I am Dead, I need no pleaſing murmurs of Winds in the Trees, nor ſleepy groanings of purling Brooks, to lull my Senſes aſleep: I need no ſoft melancholy Muſick, to charm the Evil-Spirit from my Eye-lids, they cloſe naturally: The Province of Death affords no Noiſe, Hurry, or Contention; but a lucid Ray of Serenity informs each Breaſt: *Morpheus* is the only God they adore; and Tranquility the only Pleaſure they admire. Death is the beginning of Happineſs, and the conſummation of it. Happineſs has not a motion, as other things, by degrees; it has not a Maturing and Mellowing time, like Fruits; but is born in Perfection. The deſtruction of Life is the Generation of Happineſs.

pineſs. And if Happineſs be not attainable before Death, how diligent ought we to be, to make our Lives as Happy as we can? To counterfeit a Happineſs, and pleaſe our ſelves with it on the Ocean of Life, 'till we arrive at the Harbour of Death.

To live well, is to be Wiſe betimes; and Wiſdom is attained by ſo few, that we have reaſon to doubt, whether *Animal Rationale* be a good definition of Man in general. Methinks it is a bold ſaying of the *Sieur de Mountaigne*, *That were he to live over his Life again, he would live as he had done:* Were the *Sieur* my Equal, I ſhould accuſe him of Madneſs and Folly. For my part, I am but in the *Twenty third* Year of my Age; and have always devoted my Time to the ſtudy of Learning and Wiſdom; yet were I to Correct the *Errata's* of my ſhort Life, I would quite alter the Preſs: Not an Action have I done, but is lyable to the cenſure of right Reaſon; and not a Line have I Written, but has need of Correction. Certainly the Life of the beſt amongſt us, is but

one

one great Blot. We may ſee Folly attending the wiſeſt of Philoſophers; when they would perſwade us to follow their dictates, at the ſame time they grow Cynical and moroſe; and the Tub of a *Diogenes* is but the deriſion of an *Alexander*. Should I ſpeak of thoſe Worthies, that have won the immortal Garland of Honor in the Field, we ſhould find Folly and Raſhneſs always mixed with their Enterprizes: Should I ſpeak of *Alexander*? he Slew *Parmenio*: Should I mention *Marcus Antonius*? he loſt the World for a *Cleopatra*; a Woman, a thing in Petticoats: What an odious ſight muſt it be, to ſee this great Man, this *Anthony*, who not long ſince appear'd in Iron, and Painted it with Blood, now proſtrate at the Feet of a ſilly Woman? To ſee Honor and Glory ſubdu'd by Beauty? Hence we may conclude, That Effeminacy is mixed with the greateſt Valour, and Folly with the greateſt Wiſdom. All our Actions are mark'd with the Character of Weakneſs: Our Humanity ſuppoſeth us frail and inconſtant. The Decaying Nature

of

of what we Enjoy, tells us every day, there is no ſolid Happineſs in Life. Why then ſhould we be ſo ſtupid to court this lucid Vapor to remain in our inglorious Houſes of Clay? Why ſhould we be ſo Tyrannous and Cowardly, to deſire our Souls to remain in Priſon, and keep them unbleſt from their Enlargement? But it is natural to Man to deſire Life; and the Wiſeſt and Stouteſt Men do it: Therefore *Curtius* gives a good deſcription of a Valiant Man; not to hate Life, but to contemn Death: *i. e.* To have no ſervile fear of a diſſolution, or tremble at grizly Hairs, the Emblems of Death. How vainly do the Old envy the Pleaſures, or rather Follies of the Young? An amazing ſpectacle it is, to ſee an old grizly Lady applying the black Patches to her Face; tampering of her Fucus, and courting her new-vamp'd Viſage in her Glaſs? though the ſtench of Death has ſeiz'd her already, and ſuperſedes the rankneſs of her Powders. There is nothing ſo much incenſes a Woman, as to tell her, She is Old: That unlucky

unlucky word, *Old*, brings all the Blood in her Body to her Face; and for a time ſupplies the place of artificial Beauty. Neither are the Men free from this Folly; 'tis a contagious Plague, a Gangrene that ſpreads over the whole Body of Mankind: To ſee an Old-Man with the mark of Death in his Forehead, buttreſſed up with a Crutch (like the Pinion-end of an Old-Houſe) ſpitting and ſpawling, as if he did intend to drown himſelf with an inundation of Phlegm: To ſee him, like a ſuperannuated Ape, acting all his Juvenile Follies over; chewing his Cud upon ſome delicious *Cavalcade*, perform'd by him in *Whetſtones-Park*, or *White-Friers*; To ſee him pruning of his Head, and picking the Hairs from his Cloaths; ſetting up for a Spark, with a Cravat of *Point de Venice*, which the longitude of his Beard will not ſuffer to be ſeen: To hear him repeating ſome of his Complements out of the *Academy*: To hear him talk of his Aſſignation-Notes, and telling the young Wantons, how many Miſtreſſes he formerly had; how he knew the meaning

meaning of their Hearts, by the glancing of their Eyes, and the colour of their Garters by the complexion of their Shoeſtrings; and then holds up his old reverent Nodle, concluding with

Oh mihi præteritos referet ſi Jupiter annos!

I phancy there is nothing more abſurd and ridiculous than this. That ever the wrinkles of Old-Age, ſhould be the Indexes of loſt Reaſon! And gray Hairs ſhould be attended with ſo much Folly!

Were Envy a Vertue, I ſhould exerciſe it in nothing more than in coveting a Country-Man's life, who has enough of the World to keep him from being beholding, and burthenſome to Friends; enough to make him an ordinary Gentleman, and not enough to advance him to the place of a Juſtice of the Peace; enough to ſecure him from Contempt, and not enough to make him Honourable, or Miſerable, which you pleaſe: For Honour is a perplexing Plague, the damn'd Fatigue of Life, the Devil that bewitches Mortals, the

the *Ignis fatuus*, that leads Men into Ruine. Were I to lay a Curſe upon a Man, a Curſe, that ſhould have more than all *Pharoah*'s Plagues in it, I would wiſh him Honourable; I would damn him to a gilt Coach and Six, two caſt off Lackqueys always to attend him; always to be making his Honors; Complementing and Careſſing of Ladies; often to be at Balls, and never to appear but in uncomfortable Grandeur. Indeed, Princes and Great Perſonages cannot properly be ſaid to live; they are but the Pageants of the People, the Sign-Poſts of Honor; what they count their Glory (the praiſe of the multitude) is but Air and Wind. It was a noble and reſolute act of *Horace*, to chuſe the melancholy Dome in the *Tiburtine* Wood, before the place of Secretary to *Auguſtus*. He was too much a Poet, to be pleaſed with any kind of Luſtre, beſide the Ornaments of the Mind; and certainly never Man appear'd in more ſplendor upon that account than he. He was too well acquainted with the folly of Noiſe and Tumult: He could not be ignorant of the

pleaſure

pleaſure of a Country Retirement, who had all the Muſes for his inſtructors.

Solitude is a thing ſo agreeable with an Ingenuous and Manly Temper, that it ſeems to be the very Parent of Wit. What greater Pleaſure can there be than to live retir'd? Company is the *Remora* of all glorious deſigns; the ſpring of Vice; the ſource of Diſcord and Diſorder. Were it not for Company, Emulation had never had a being; Pride had been conceal'd in its original Chaos; Thefts, Rapes and Murders had never fill'd the World with their nauſeous fame. To live Retired, is to imitate our priſtine ſtate of Innocence, e're Rapine and Cruelty had invaded our World. But, Alas! herein is our Miſery, we never can attain to the Happy State of our Fore-Father: He lived in a Garden, ſo may we; but it cannot be an *Eden:* He was retir'd in a glorious obſcurity, we may be ſo too; but here is the fatal conſequence, our Paſſions, our Luſts, our Inordinate Deſires ſtill accompany us: But yet for all this, Solitude is a thing the neareſt Happineſs of

of any; for though we have our Paſſions always with us, the infamous Retinue, the black Guard of Miſerable Bodies; yet in Solitude they are better tamed, there are fewer objects to exerciſe them on. When I am alone, I can Envy, Hate, Quarrel with none: Indeed Solitude is an Antidote againſt all the raging Plagues of the Tumultuous World. What Encomiums are good enough for Noble Solitude?

I.

Ah Solitude! what ſhall I do
Thy worth to ſhow!
Thou ſource of Poetry, and gay Deſire;
Love's brighteſt Spark, and Wit's immortal Fire:
School of Senſe, and Learned Arts;
With Whom Philoſophy is bred:
The glory of Ambitious Hearts;
And honour of each Laurel Head:
Thou giv'ſt new Life to the Immortal Dead.

II. Firſt

II.

Firſt State, and Beſt of Men!
Free from all Cares!
Ancarite Adam happy ſtill had been,
Free from Luſt, and free from Fears
Had not Company and Vice come rowling in;
And with it all that Mortals vex:
Envy pale, and Diſcontent
Hand in hand together went;
Envy could not be withſtood,
It dy'd the Earth with Brother's Blood.
Noiſy Tumults then perplext
The quiet *Sylvane* Scene, and ſilent Shade;
Where, drunk with Reſt, the Creature was ſupinely laid.

III.

The greateſt *Scipio* Thee admir'd,
After his Conqueſts to a Grove retir'd.
'Tis Solitude that gives us Reſt;
'Tis Solitude inſpires each noble Breaſt.

In

In vain's the giddy Noiſe of worthleſs Schools,
Or Taverns cramm'd with loads of Knaves and Fools:
Let them boaſt on of Wit in Company,
While all the Wiſe grow Great in good Obſcurity.

I know, in this I differ much from the Men of Buſineſs; who place their Happineſs in Talk, admire *London*, and damn the *Country*; think that the harmonious Twatling of a Company of Goſſipping *Hero*'s, is more delightful than the Melancholy Singing of *Birds* in a Noble Solitude. Theſe are the genuine Sons of *Mother-Midnight*; and would better become the Society of a Chriſt'ning, than the Solid Retinue of *Wiſdom*. Others there are, that place their Happineſs in outward Pomp and Grandeur; that think nothing Great, but what is Gaudy: And ſome there are, that as much admire an Infinite heap of Gold and Silver; and think, Happineſs only conſiſts in Exceſs and Superfluity; when indeed, the ſubſtantial Goodneſs of our Eſtates, as well

as our Paſſions, conſiſts in a Mediocrity. I think, I could ſay *Amen* to this Prayer of Mr. *Cowley*'s:

Magne Deus, quod ad has Vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, Da panem Libertatemque nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces; ſi quid datur ultra
Accipiam gratus, ſin non contentus abibo.

And were I to lay down a Rule for a Wiſe Man to walk by, (I wiſh, I were capable of following it my ſelf) it ſhould be to Retire from the World, to Immure himſelf within the Earthen Walls of a Homely Cottage; where not one Cranny ſhould be open, for Luſt or Paſſion to enter: For we are the beſt Friends, or worſt Enemies to our ſelves. Another's Affronts cannot injure us, unleſs we reſent them: And he that keeps his Breaſt ſhut againſt all Temptations, keeps his Soul more ſecure, than a Body that is ſurround-

rounded with the Walls of a Castle. To Conclude : :

Could we our *Passions* guide by Reason's Law,
And keep th' *Affections* in severest Awe:
Could we a Limit set to boundless *Love*,
And make our *Wrath* in peaceful Order move:
Could we unruly *Hate* in Fetters bind,
And tame the wild Desires of the Mind;
Not Lovers would enjoy more Blissful Ease,
Or *Halcions* brooding on the silent Seas:
More Damage would the sturdy Oaks sustain
From Fighting Winds, and the Tempestuous Rain,
Than We; though Passion should its Storms raise,
Wild as the Wind, and raging as the Seas.
Grant me, good *God!* a Melancholy Seat,
Free from the Noise and Tumults of the Great:
Like some Blest Man, who his Retinue sees
A tall and sprightly Grove of servile Trees,
Of complemental Trees, that fright the *Hindes*,
Making low Congees to the roaring Winds:

A Place where *Lust* and *Passion* die away,
And some good Friends make sorts the tedious Day.
Fraught full of Mirth, the Hours more Joy would bring,
Than the black Days attend a Regent King.

FINIS.

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